THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXXII No 31 — E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, JUNE 27th, 1933.

Historical Society

A Delicious Recipe for
ICED TEA
Infuse six heaping teaspoonfuls of "SALADA" Black Tea in a pint sized tea-pot. After six minutes stein and pour liquid into half-gallon container. While hot, add a cup and a half of sugar and the juice of two lemons; then fill container with cold water. Do not refrigerate as tea will turn cloudy. Serve as required, with an ice cubs in each glass.
"SALADA"
TEA
'Fresh from the gardens'

"Henderson's" Cartage
Local and Long Distance Hauling
Reasonable Rates
Phone 506 E. G. HENDERSON
22-1-y

GOLF BALLS, TENNIS BALLS, GOLF TEES.
Don Caton's.

DOXSEE & CO.
DOLLAR DAYS
Friday and Saturday, June 30th and July 1st
Sacrifice Clearance of MILLINERY
Not a hat worth less than twice the money:
COLORS—Brown, Black, Navy and Royal, including Sport Hats in straw and fabrics; Colors, Pink, Beige, Red, Green, White and Grey.
LINGERIE
Mesh Panties
2 Pr. $1.00
HOSIERY
Service weight and Chiffon
2 Pr. $1.00
Crepe and Rayon Blouses
$1.00 Each
The Leading Millinery House

Complete Beauty Service
DAVID KINGSBURY'S
Hairdressing Parlor
Phone 74.
Richelieu Hotel, - Napanee

APARTMENTS TO RENT—May 1st. Apply VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP. 20-tf

FARM FOR SALE—Or exchange for town property. J. W. METZLER. 30-tf

ORGAN FOR SALE—Cheap. Would make good office desk. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

ICE REFRIGERATOR FOR SALE—Made of oak, porcelain lined, good size, first class condition. Will sell cheap. BOX 14, Napanee. 31-a

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

LOST—On Dundas street, Ladies' white gold bracelet watch, valued as a keepsake. Initials on back, "S.C." Finder return same to Chief Constable WATTS. Reward. 31-a

ROSES - SHRUBS - PERENNIALS ROCK PLANTS - EVERGREENS
Fresh from the ground
CANADIAN GROWN
"Everything for the Garden"
Write for Special Price List.
"We sell the best for less."
ARCADIAN NURSERIES, ISLINGTON, ONT.
18-tf

FARM FOR SALE
The southwest corner of lot No. 12, in the 10th concession of Richmond, containing 50 acres. On the premises are a house and barn in fair condition, also a never failing spring. This farm will be sold at a low price for CASH.
Apply to
E. J. POLLARD,
Napanee, Ont.

TOWNSHIP OF RICHMOND
Some security must be given the Collector within ten days for unpaid taxes, as all taxes owing township must be paid by July 20th, 1933.
By Order of Council.
STEWART L. CLUTE,
Collector.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Persons having claims against the estate of William Henry Clancy, late of the Town of Napanee in the County of Lennox and Addington, carpenter, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitor for said estate, before the 14th day of July, A.D., 1933, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 51, of Chapter 150, R.S.O., 1927.
G. F. SMITH,
Napanee, Ontario,
Solicitor for said Estate.
31-c

ASSURANCE
THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.
MASTERS & TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS, WINDOW SHADES AND MOULDINGS
AMBULANCE SERVICE
Day and Night.
Day Phone, 30. Night 'Phones 145-227

Martin Senour Paint.
100% pure, for inside and outside use. Also a good quality lower priced paint. Portland cement—fresh car.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Growing pigs are very fond of and can make excellent use of green feed.

DESERONTO

The Deseronto rink, consisting of I. Allum, G. M. Campbell, Jos. Taman and A. J. Rendall, had the honor of winning the Gordon Cup at the bowling tournament which was held in Tweed on Wednesday afternoon.

Fifteen rinks competed in the tournament, and play was suspended for some time owing to the deluge of rain.

In the first game the local rink defeated Gates of Kingston, 17-6, and going into the second round put away McGee's rink of Tweed by the close score of 9-7. The third game saw the eclipse of Alf. Simmons' rink of Belleville by one shot, the score standing 8-7.

Deseronto and Stirling, the latter, the runners up then played a four end game, the locals emerging victorious by the score of 6-3.

To win four straight is quite an achievement and the local bowlers were elated with their success.

Last year the Gordon Cup was won by the Brighton Club.

The many friends of Bob" Dewar of Belleville, for many years a resident of Deseronto, were sorry to learn that he suffered a severe shaking up Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Dewar with Charles Simmons, of [illegible] motoring to Peterboro to attend a bowling tournament when a tire burst- ed, hurling the car into the ditch, where it rolled over three times. The injured men were taken to Peterboro hospital but are expected home soon.

There have been several cases of speeding during the past few days and the customary fines of $5.00 and costs were imposed. The speeders were picked up by Chief Constable Frank Smith.

Nelson J. Wilson was taken into custody on a charge of vagrancy, and on being found guilty was given a suspended sentence of one year, and was ordered to get out of town for a period of one year..

No arrests have been made as yet with respect to the robbery at Whitton's tobacco store. The police are working on the case, and although there was one suspect, and a search warrant was issued, no evidence could be found.

The largest crowd of the season attended the weekly dance which was held at Quinte Beach pavilion on Thursday evening, and from nine to twelve o'clock the popular jitney dance was much enjoyed.

A particularly fine program was given by the Bon Ton orchestra of Belleville. Visitors in goodly numbers were present from Napanee and points in the surrounding district.

Ladies' Day was observed at the local greens on Thursday afternoon, but the attendance was not quite as large as on the opening day last Thursday, several of the bowlers being out of town. The hostess for the afternoon were Mrs. Ernest Robinson, Mrs. Gault and Miss Lottie Cronk. The club house was profuse with lovely flowers, and while the games were being played on the greens others enjoyed bridge in the club house.

The winners of the bridge prize was Mrs. Herb. Aylesworth. The tea table looked very pretty and Mrs. Fitchett and Miss Lena Warren poured tea.

Mrs. Howard VanDusen and son Stanley, Miss Agnes Thompson and Miss Jennie Dryden returned home on Thursday evening after spending a few days in Toronto.

Mrs. Sexsmith, of Portage la Prairie, Man., arrived in Deseronto the past week to spend a few months with her sister, Mrs. Carscallen.

Mrs. Carscallen and Mrs. Sexsmith spent a few days recently the guests of Mrs. Keeler, Kingston Mills.

WANTED!
Poultry, Eggs and Cream
Call us for Prices
The Swift Canadian Co., Limited.
'Phone 534.

BARGAIN!
While they last
8 Weeks Old Cockerels 12c ea.
MILLS HATCHERY
NAPANEE

NAPANEE CELEBRATES MONDAY, JULY 3RD

At the Napanee Driving Park. $650 for 3 horse races; 2.25, 2.17, and 2.09 classes. Some of the best horses in Canada have already entered. Gibbards and Sydenham play ball. Music by the Citizens' Band. The Driving Park is one of the best pleasure resorts in Canada having lots of shade a good grand stand and a fast track. They always have good races. Races start at 1.30 p.m. Picton, Belleville and Kingston have declared Monday a holiday. A good crowd is expected from these places.

DEATH OF MRS. C. O. KAYLOR

On Tuesday evening of last week death claimed one of the best known and highly respected residents of this district, in the person of Mrs. Charles O. Kaylor, at her late residence two miles east of Napanee. On October 21st, of last year, she suffered a severe loss in the death of her life partner, [illegible] until about [illegible] years of age, was before her marriage Miss Agnes Miller, and was one of a large family, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Miller. She was born on the same farm at which her lovely home is situated, and was as well known in Napanee as in the district where she had always resided. With her passing there is only one left of the family, Mrs. Fred Kaylor, who resides in Winnipeg.

She was a devout member of Trinity United Church, and until recent years took an exceptional interest in the various organizations of the church.

The funeral service, which was largely attended, was held at the home on Thursday afternoon and was conducted by her minister, Rev. Harry Pawson. There were several floral tributes. A very fitting eulogy was made by Rev. Pawson. Interment took place in Riverside cemetery.

The pall-bearers were: Fred H. Henderson, Henry Creighton, P. M. Anderson, Jas. M. Graham, J. W. Topping and Geo. Switzer.

M. J. BUTLER, ENGINEER DEAD

Sydney, N.S., June 23.—Matthew Joseph Butler, former Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, is dead today. Death was caused last night by complications following an attack of bronchitis. He was 76 years of age, and a former resident of Napanee.

A native of Deseronto, Ont., he was educated at de la Salle Collegiate Institute, Toronto, and was successively assistant engineer for the Kingston and Pembroke Railway, chief engineer of the Kingston and Pembroke Railway; chief engineer of the Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec Railway; superintendent of the Temiscouata wood pulp enterprise and assistant engineer of the National Transcontinental Railway.

In 1905 he became Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, a position which he forsook in 1909 to become chairman of the board of management of the Canadian Government Railways. He assumed the general managership of the Dominion Iron and Steel Corporation in 1910 and held the position until 1913.

He retired a year later to take charge of the Longueuil plant of the Armstrong-Whitworth Corporation. He retired from active work in 1918.

He was a past president of the Society of Canadian Civil Engineers. He held office also in United States and British engineering societies. In 1900 he was a member of the Royal Commission on municipal assessment and taxation, and in 1907 a member of the Royal Commission of Forestry.

SCHOOL FAIRS

The dates for the School Fairs have just been announced by the Department of Agriculture of which L. M. Kerr, B.S.A., is the local representative. The places and dates are as follows:

Tamworth—Sept. 12th.
Flinton—September 13th.
Denbigh—September 14th.
Centreville—Sept. 18th.
Selby—September 19th.
Sillsville—Sept. 20th.
Camden East—Sept. 26th.
Anderson—Sept. 27th.
Odessa—September 28th.

The prize list as compiled is a very interesting one and pertains to grain and corn, potatoes, roots and vegetables, flowers, fruit, cooking, sewing, farm and home mechanics, school work, poultry, live stock and varied collections.

Say you saw it in The Express.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION

At the West Ward school on Friday afternoon the public school teachers of the Napanee schools presented Miss Jessie Mair, who is retiring from the staff, with an address in appreciation of her long service in the schools, and services as a valued member of the staff. The teachers presented Miss Mair with a handsome blue Crown Derby tea set. A room in the school was prettily decorated for the occasion, and afternoon tea was served. Miss Mair, wholly taken by surprise, made a fitting reply, expressing her regret in severing her long connection with the school and prettily thanking her fellow teachers for their gift and address.

The presentation was made by Miss Etta Harrison, and Miss Elsie Parks read the address.

Following is the address:

MISS J. E. MAIR,
Napanee:

Dear Friend and Fellow Teacher:

Upon learning of your intention to leave the teaching profession, we were filled with feelings of regret and [illegible] the separation.

We admit, we know, to say we regret, rather should we say we rejoice with you in a well-earned rest.

However, we are glad you will still be in the old home town. Though not engaged in the same activities as heretofore, we trust we shall see you often.

We shall never forget your kindly interest in some of us who were so fortunate as to have you for one of our teachers in the public school. We shall ever look back to our association as fellow teachers as one of the bright spots in our labor of love.

Dearest Friend, will you kindly accept this little gift as a reminder of the happy times we have had together.

In fond affection, your friends of the Napanee Public School Staff:

Etta Harrison,
Eleanor Aylsworth,
Laura Rockwell,
Florence G. Hall,
Dorcas Randall,
W. J. Trenouth,
Blanche Hawley,
Effie C. Anderson,
Carmelita Frisken,
Elsie A. Parks.

PLAYED SHUT-OUT BALL

In a game which was played under a broiling hot sun, and which terminated at the end of the fifth innings, owing to the downpour of rain, the Gibbard Athletics "A" team decisively defeated the Victorias of Belleville, at the Napanee Driving Park on Wednesday afternoon the locals shutting out the visitors 6-0.

At the bat and in the field Gibbards far excelled the Victorias, and played an errorless game. The visitors used two pitchers, the locals securing six hits, and of these three were for extra bases. Bentley and Andrews made two smashing three baggers. Pointer, for Gibbards, yielded four hits, while the locals secured six off the delivery of Casey. This was the first loss for the visitors this season.

Scott, the Belleville catcher, in blocking a runner coming home in the fourth, was painfully hurt in the shoulder and had to retire.

Batteries — Belleville — Casey, Ibey, Scott and McGuire. Gibbards—Pointer and Cairns.

Umpires—Woodley and Maracle.

MOSCOW NORTH

A number from this vicinity attended the ball game at Enterprise on Saturday afternoon.

Rev. Stinson spent Monday afternoon and evening with Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Coulter.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Reilley and family, of Wolfe Island, spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. James Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lakins spent Sunday last with her mother, Mrs. Harry Albertson.

Dr. D. Wilson, of New York, and sister, Miss S. Wilson, of Harrowsmith, called on Mrs. Wellesley Coulter on Monday afternoon.

Miss A. Knapp spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. Jack Lakins, Verona, last week.

Mrs. Wellesley Coulter spent a day recently in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Albertson of Kingston, spent Sunday last with Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jackson.

Rev. Stinson called Tuesday afternoon at Mr. Sanford Degroffs.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Coulter and son Gerald, Mrs. Elias Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jackson spent Sunday at Mrs. Harry Albertson's.

Mr. Jimmy Pine spent Sunday at Mr. Harold Knapp's.

Car Glass!
Windshields and door glass cut to any size. Portland Cement—Fresh car. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
July 23rd, 1933.

At a special meeting of the Town Council on Friday evening last, a by-law was passed fixing the rate of taxation for 1933.

Passed this twenty-third day of June, A.D., 1933.

Whereas the whole amount of the rateable property of the town of Napanee for the year 1933 assessable for general purposes is $1,752,185, and Whereas the whole amount assessable for school rates and for Local Improvement rates is the sum of $1,798,585.

Whereas the estimated current expenditure for both general purposes and for school purposes and for Local Improvement purposes as provided by Statute is the sum of $170,114.11.

EXPENDITURES

Debenture, principal		$27445 13
Debenture, interest		8391.77
County rate (21 mills on $1,138,000)		23898 00
Local Board of Health		600 00
Salaries		2700 00
Elections		94 00
Street appropriation		5000 00
Fire and Water:		
(a) Pub. Util. Com	$2600.00	
(b) Firemen's salaries	900.00	
(c) D. Chambers	200.00	
(d) Sundry supplies	300.00	
		4000 00
Light, Streets, Bldgs., Fire Alarm System		5500 00
Town Property:		
(a) Disposal Works	$150 00	
(b) Coal, pub. bldgs	400 00	
(c) Caretaker Town Hall	300.00	
(d) Caretaker Disp. Works	200.00	
(e) Incidentals	300.00	
		1350 00
Parks		450 00
Printing		600 00
Police		2900 00
Social Welfare		1000 00
Grants:		
(a) Public Library	$700.00	
(b) V. O. N	500.00	
(c) Band	250.00	
(d) Agr. Society	100.00	
		1550 00
Uncollectable taxes		1000 00
Can. Bank of Com. note		$7600 00
Contingent		1495 51
School requisition		14839 70
Bank interest on loan		4000 00
Insurance		1100 00
One half cost indigent patients, K.G.H.		300 00
Interest allowed for prepayment taxes		300 00
		$170114 11

And Whereas the probable receipts for the year 1933 will be as follows:

RECEIPTS

Uncollected taxes, Jan. 1st, 1933		$32825 46
Cash on hand Jan. 1, 1933		1600 00
Market rent		350 00
Rent Town Hall and Biscuit Factory		950 00
Licenses		1400 00
Fines and fees, Police Magistrate		1000 00
Pub. Utilities Com. W. W. Dept:		
Debenture prin	$2917.90	
Debenture int	6140.46	
		9058 36
Light Dept:		
Debenture prin	$2384.96	
Debenture int	1721.00	
		4105 96
Bank interest		1300 00
Miscellaneous:		
(a) Streets	$ 50.00	
(b) Relief Gts. Gov	6700.00	
(c) Collected for Rel.	516.24	
(d) Ref. Relief Gts	67.36	
(e) Miscellaneous	150.00	
		7483 60
Local Improvement gen. rate 1¼ mills on $ on net assessment of $1,798,585		2697 87
School rate 12½ mills on the $ on a net assessment of $1,798,585		22482 31
General rate of 42 mills on the $ on a net assessment of $1,752,185		73591 77
Local Improvement rates		11268 78
		$170,114 11

That a rate of forty-two (42) mills on the dollar upon all the property of the Town of Napanee assessable for general purposes be raised, levied and collected for the year 1933 and that a rate of twelve and one-half (12½) mills on the dollar on all the rateable property of the Town of Napanee assessable for school purposes be raised, levied and collected for High and Public School purposes for the year 1933 and that a further rate of one and one-half (1½) mills on the dollar on all the rateable property in the Town of Napanee assessable for Local Improvement rates be raised, levied and collected to pay the Corporation's share of the Local Improvement rates for the year 1933.

NEWBURGH

The Strathcona Boys Softball team came to Newburgh on Friday evening and played a game with the Newburgh boys, the score being 38-6 in favour of Newburgh.

The Grace Church ball team, of Napanee came to Newburgh on Monday evening and played a game with the Newburgh boys. The score was 32-8 in favour of Newburgh.

On Saturday afternoon a most delightful tea, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid, was held at the home of the President, Mrs. W. Cassada. The house was beautifully decorated with roses and rose peonies. Mrs. (Rev.) Anderson assisted Mrs. Cassada in welcoming the guests, while the tea table was presided over by two groups of ladies, Mrs. Scriver and Mrs. Clark, assisted by Mrs. J. Wartman and Mrs. E. W. Lochhead, Mrs. Joyce, Mrs. Mounce, Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Ramsay. The table of home cooked delicacies was cared for by Miss Loucks, Mrs. Peters and Mrs. C. Carter. Mrs. VanLuven, Mrs. W. J. Ramsay and Mrs. Rogers in the kitchen assisted in making this a successful social event. We are grateful to all members of other churches who helped to make it such a success and by their co-operation are building a fine community spirit.

The High School closed for this season on Saturday, but the Departmental examinations will be held this week, with Mr. Jamieson, Principal of Napanee Collegiate presiding.

Mrs. C. McSherry left on Saturday to spend her holidays with friends at Windsor.

The public school pupils are trying their promotion examinations this week. The Entrance exams. will begin on July 3rd.

Mrs. (Dr.) Duff, a former resident of Newburgh, was the guest of Miss Margaret Cameron last week and attended the Presbyterian W. M. S. at Camden East on Wednesday, June 21st, and gave a splendid address on the work.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Conger, Napanee, were guests of their daughter, Mrs. H. Fox, one day last week.

Mrs. Hugh Ramsay and Mrs. Chas. G. Walker attended the convention of the Women's Institute in Napanee last Tuesday.

Mrs. B. Switzer, of Switzerville, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. Hill for the week-end.

Mrs. Wesley McGill, of Centreville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. W. Lochhead.

Mrs. John Darling and daughter Mildred, Mrs. Carter and daughter Lois, and Mrs. Corben of Point Anne, were the Sunday guests of Mrs. W. J. Pile.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Watson and daughter Margaret, of Vancouver, left for their home on Monday, after spending a few weeks with Mrs. Watson's mother, Mrs. M. Clancy.

Mrs. W. G. Paul gave a tea on Monday, in honor of her daughter, Dorothy, who celebrated her eighth birthday. The function took place on the beautiful lawn at Maple Grove, and the table was beautifully decorated with cut flowers and laden with the choicest of refreshments and a lovely birthday cake. The little friends present were Hester Wartman, Alice Wartman, Dorothy Joyce, May Holden, Lois Vanderveort, Marion Harrison and Helen Dougan. Also her grandmother, Mrs. C. Scriver and aunts, Misses Clara and Emma Shorey. Games were played on the lawn and a most enjoyable time was spent. Dorothy was the recipient of many beautiful gifts.

ROBLIN

A number from here attended the re-opening of Selby Church on Sunday.

Mrs. Carleton Woods is spending the week with her sister in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson McKeown and family, of Newburgh Road, the former's mother, Mrs. M. E. McKeown of Centreville, Mr. Arthur Kimmett and Miss Gwen Kimmett, and Arthur and Jane Whiteman, of Shannonville spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. H Kimmett.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hartin and Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, Roblindale, spent Friday evening at C. H. Kimmett's.

Mrs. Hawley Bradshaw is spending a couple of weeks with her daughter, Mrs. J. McParlane, Selby.

A large crowd attended church here on Sunday evening, it being Rev. Oliver's farewell sermon, as he leaves for Morven on Thursday.

PAINT!
Is the best protection against decay. Get your boiled oil, Elephant White Lead and Antimo. Portland Cement fresh car. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

COMING EVENTS

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC for the pre-school child, is held each Thursday from 2 to 4, in the Town Hall, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 2-tf

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, Litt.D. (Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

JOSHUA

Sunday, July 2.—Joshua 1-6, 23, 24.

Golden Text:

Be strong and of good courage . . . for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.—Joshua 1:9.

For three months we are to study "Some Early Leaders of Israel,' covering four and a half centuries of Israel's history, from Joshua to Solomon. With only one lesson given to each character we must study an unusually large amount of Bible material each week—and that is a good thing. It will be well worth while for the class and the teacher to read a number of chapters between Sundays with each lesson, in preparation for class discussion.

We could not start such a series of biographical studies more appropriately than with Joshua. For the name Joshua is really the same as the name Jesus, and Joshua is a very wonderful Old Testament type of our Lord. The word is "Je-hoshua," and means Jehovah-Saviour; the New Testament Greek name form is "Jesus."

Four long books of the Bible just preceeding the book of Joshua, from Exodus to Deuteronomy inclusive, give us the story of Moses' wonderful life and his God-appointed leadership of the people of Israel. The Israelites had been brought out of bondage in Egypt by a series of miracles, had been led in the wilderness for forty years, and now Gods time had come for them to enter Canaan, the Promised land. But Moses, the superb old law giver, one of the greatest characters in the history of the world, could not lead God's people into the Promised Land.

"The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ" (John 1:17). Canaan stood for the place of victory for God's people here in this present world, and "Law," of which Moses is the representative, could never give a sinful people victory." Law tells us what we must do for God. Grace tells us what God has done for us. No man can keep God's law perfectly. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3:23). But "Sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace" (Rom. 6:14). If men could keep the law, they would not need a Saviour; but all men need a Saviour, therefore God in the fullness of time sent His only Son, Jesus, as that Saviour; and Joshua typifies Jesus.

By the grace of God Israel was brought victoriously into Canaan and given victories there, but not by her own prowess or strength. The divine commission comes to Joshua, who stands for God's grace: "Moses, my servant, is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel."

God had given them this new land —but they must take it. And they could take it only by faith in God. The same is true of all the blessings of the Christian life. God has given them all to us in Christ—but we must take them by faith. Under Joshua the people took by faith that which God in His grace had given them.

"There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life," said the Lord to Joshua. Was this because Joshua was such a great and strong man? Far from it: the secret is in the words that follow: "I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

And Joshua's commission included a clear, positive command to read and study and meditate upon "this book of the law" or the Scriptures. The only Bible Joshua then had was the Pentateuch, the first five books of the Bible, Moses' writings. We have a much richer Bible than had Joshua, and if we would have Joshua's success we can have it on the same terms, and only those terms: to read and feed upon the Word of God. "Then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success," God promised Joshua—and He kept His promise.

There were thrilling times ahead; there are always thrilling times for those who dare to trust God fully and do His will. God rolled back the waters of the Jordan, and the whole host of Israel passed through on dry ground, as the priests bearing the ark of the covenant, another type of Christ, went ahead.

A great walled city confronted them after "all the people were passed clean over Jordan." It was the City of Jericho. But the walls of that city collapsed and fell to the ground as Israel obeyed literally God's instructions, marching around the city for seven days, and seven times on the seventh day. The destruction of the city was complete, as God directed, except for one family, that of Rahab, who had befriended Israels spies earlier and had declared her personal faith in God.

The entire Book of Joshua is filled with momentous events, recorded by inspiration for our instruction. There were some sad failures on Israels part resulting in disaster; and there were glorious victories. But whenever the people trusted and obeyed the Lord fully there was victory, for God always keeps His Word.

Just before the conquest of Jericho, Joshua saw a man, standing "over against him with his sword drawn in his hand." It was the Lord Jesus Christ Himself who told Joshua: "As Captain of the host of the Lord am I now come. And Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and did worship, and said unto Him, What saith my Lord unto His servant?" When the Lord thus revealed Himself to different characters in the Bible, Isaiah, Daniel, Paul, John or Patmos, they fell to the earth as Joshua did. Any true vision of Christ brings us low in the dust.

Joshua kept faith with God, and the people under him prospered. Let us not forget that he and Caleb were the only two of the twelve spies back in the wilderness, at Kadesh-Barnea (Numbers 13), who dared to trust God then, and believe He would bring them triumphantly into Canaan. The other ten spies, and all that generation except Joshua and Caleb, died in the wilderness.

A keynote of this book is: "Possess the land which the Lord your God giveth" (1:11). "Possess your possessions" is the Christian's secret of victory.

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD
Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c. per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c per line each insertion.

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Office—Dundas St., NAPANEE.

T. B. GERMAN
Barrister and Solicitor
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES
OFFICE: Grange Block, 60 John Street, Napanee.

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NEWS AND INFORMATION FOR THE BUSY FARMER

(Furnished by the Ontario Department of Agriculture)

Branded Beef Increases

Branded beef sold in all Canada during the month of April totalled over two million pounds, an increase of approximately 32,000 pounds a week as compared with March, and an increase of 50 per cent. as compared with April, 1932.

Wide Cost Range Shown In Cheese Manufacture

According to Dr. J. F. Booth of Ottawa, the cost of making cheese in 115 Ontario factories ranges from $1.85 per hundred pounds where the production amounts to 393,000 pounds, to as high as $3.21 per hundred pounds where only 47,000 pounds are produced.

Cull Dairy Cows in Denmark Go to Happy Hunting Ground

The slaughtering and burning of cull dairy cows is proceeding rapidly in Denmark. This has been cited as one practical method of reducing overproduction and lowering production costs of milk. Also, it has been indicated, far too many Canadian dairy cows, having outlived their milk-producing usefulness, are shipped to market, instead of being consigned to the soil from whence they came.

Half of Canada's Berry Crop Is Supplied by This Province

Canadas commercial production of strawberries for 1932 amounted to approximately 20,600.00 quarts. Ontario's contribution to this total was estimated at 10,184,000 quarts, or close to fifty per cent.

The commercial production of raspberries, for the same year, was established at 7,250,000 quarts. Ontario again supplying about half this total, or approximately 3,317,000.

Weekly Crop Report

Agricultural representatives report that rain is badly needed in most sections of the province. Meadows and spring crops which looked very promising on June 1st are not coming up to expectations due to the extremely hot weather in early June which was followed in some sections by very cool temperature and frost in some areas. Alfalfa is an exception and reports indicate a satisfactory tonage from this crop will be secured. Eastern Ontario has reported pastures drying up and milk production falling. Haying operations have been general in all parts of the province during the past week. From Southern Ontario come reports that the drought seriously hurt the strawberry crops. Essex for instance, declares that its crop will run average 30% of normal years. Many fields of tobacco in Norfolk have had to be set over again, owing to the combined damage of wind, frost and sun.

Canadian Bacon Export

During the first quarter of 1933, bacon importations into Great Britain were down some twenty per cent, according to the Statistics Branch. Canada and the Netherlands were the only countries to increase their contributions to the bacon supplies.

Ontario Onion Pool

At a meeting in Chatham, it was decided to continue the operations of the Ontario Onion Pool. Directors commenced a campaign with the object of securing members to sign up on the basis of a one-year contract. At the recent annual meeting it was decided to cancel the existing five-year contracts.

Care Will Save Money

Farmers sustain enormous losses, each year, through careless methods of shipping livestock by train and truck. Experienced shippers recommend that all cattle be behorned, that each class of stock be separated by partitions, that loading-chutes be used, and that all spikes, and slivers, etc., be removed from cars and trucks.

Wider Market Probable

Increased opportunities for Canadian cattle breeders to sell to the British market are believed to exist through the tariff differences between that country and Ireland. At one time the Free State shipped about 800,000 head per year and have exported as much as 1,000,000 head in peak seasons.

The full effect of the new heavy English duties against the Irish Free State will probably not be felt by Canada immediately but a gradual reduction in Irish cattle trading is anticipated. Providing Canadian producers assure a continuity of supply an excellent opportunity exists for increasing cattle export.

Raspberry Diseases

Mosaic and leaf-curl are the two diseases largely responsible for the so-called running-out of raspberry plantations, according to Dr. C. H. Berkeley, in charge of the Laboratory of Plant Pathology, of St. Catharines. "Experience," he says, "based on experimental evidence, has also shown that the use of healthy certified stock in setting out new plantations is the only way we have of checking running-out. Stock free from these diseases may now be purchased, and it is with such pure stock certified stock that new plantations should be set. All certified stock must be sold in bundles of twenty-five canes, to which is attached the official government tag bearing the name of the variety, certificate number and year of production.

Crops For Rolling Lands

Permanent pastures are extensively grown on rolling lands. Canada blue grass, timothy, Kentucky blue grass and white clover are useful for this purpose. The first mentioned grass is of particular value where the soil tends to dry out in summer. The common mixture of red clover, alsike and timothy may be sown for hay and the timothy left down for a number of years. Alfalfa is an excellent crop for hillsides and it is to be desired over other crops where it will grow successfully. In order to receive a good stand of this permanent hay crop, liming may be necessary on some soils.

Oats, rye, wheat and corn are crops frequently grown with success on rolling lands, but these crops are not as effective in controlling erosion as hay and pasture crops. If satisfactory crop yields are to be secured, farm manure must be applied at seasons when it can be ploughed under before any loss of fertility takes place. Fall and winter applications of manure (farm or commercial fertilizer), are not desirable except on level land because of the great loss of fertility which is liable to occur from spring run-off.

Commercial Representatives

The Department has announced that assistance is being given to the Ontario Growers' Markets Council to continue their Commercial Representative work. Fruit and Vegetable Growers' Representatives will be established on the principal Canadian markets to assist growers and shippers in expanding outlets for their crops to the largest extent possible.

C. W. Baker, Secretary of the Growers' Council, will have his headquarters established in Toronto this year and in addition to being present on the Toronto market will also supervise the activities of the Representatives in other parts of the Dominion.

H. E. Toms, Fruitland, is appointed Western Canada Representative with headquarters at Winnipeg. A. H. Dixon, Hamilton, will be established on the Montreal market and will also supervise Ottawa and Quebec City shipments.

C. H. K. Baillie, Beamsville, will be the Growers' Representative in the Maritime Provinces, with headquarters at either St. John or Halifax.

The Representatives are maintained only during the fruit and vegetable marketing season. In the past two years their services have been extremely valuable and the demand for Ontario fruit and vegetables has been very widely extended as a result of their work. Since they began operations Ontario fruits have quadrupled in volume to the West, trebled to the Maritimes and doubled to Montreal and district. In Western Canada particularly, Ontario is regaining its share of the consumer demand and is very largely replacing imported produce, rather than interfering in any way with British Columbia growers.

Mr. Fox Watched From Roof

Cunning fox very smartly evaded pursuit during a hounds of the Musketry hunt, near Derry, Ireland. It made straight across country to a barn where it went up a sloping ladder to the top of the roof, from which he watched the progress of the pack. The master of the hunt "drew" the hounds after they lost the scent at the barn. In the meantime Reynard got down from his perch, and, springing across a laneway, got clean away. Previously a fox did the same trick. It is believed to be the same animal which did it again.—Montreal Herald.

Sentinels of the Republic

The principal object of the Sentinels of the Republic, an organization which was established in 1922, is the "conservation of the constitutional rights of the citizens of the United States and opposition to any infringement, public or private, upon such vested rights." There are said to be over 9,000 members, and the headquarters is in the National Press building, Washington, D. C.

THE VIGOR OF CANADIAN REGISTERED POULTRY

The reputation for VIGOUR of Canadian bred poultry was fully established when Canada sent an exhibit of live birds to the World's Poultry Congress held at Barcelona, Spain, in 1924.

Despite the fact that many of the birds in the exhibit had travelled all the way from the West Coast and Vancouver Island, thousands of miles across the continent to Ottawa, where they went through the usual washing and conditioning for show before being reshipped via Montreal to England, then to Barcelona, a rail, ocean, rail journey of over six thousand miles, they arrived at their destination in perfect health and maintained that condition throughout the Congress, not one bird showing off-condition during the entire period.

This remarkable evidence of superior vigor was freely commented on at the Congress, and also at the 1930 Congress held in London, England, where 750 Canadian birds were on exhibit. But it remained for a Leghorn pullet among these 750 to still further demonstrate this remarkable vigor. This pullet from Canadian Registered parents bred in British Columbia, was shipped early in July from Vancouver Island to Ottawa. Here she was showconditioned along with the rest and re-shipped via Montreal to London, England. She was on exhibition in the Crystal Palace for nearly two weeks during the Congress, then returned to the owner in British Columbia, via Liverpool, Montreal and Vancouver. She travelled a journey of upward of 12 thousand miles, put up with the washing, the conditioning and the excitement of being examined by the multitudes at the Congress, and in spite of all this performed the remarkable feat of laying 272 eggs in the 12 months—a truly striking demonstration of the wonderful stamina and vigour of Canadian poultry.

Canada to maintain this reputation is preparing to make a small exhibit of about 50 birds to the coming World's Poultry Congress to be held in Rome, Italy, in September of this year.

GREEN FEED FOR PIGS IMPORTANT

Growing pigs make excellent use of green feed. While pasture for pigs is recommended, expert producers of high-quality market hogs prefer feeding green feed in racks in the pen daily. The bad effects of sunburn and weather are thus avoided. Clover, alfalfa, oats, peas and rape are suitable for green feed. It must be fed freshly cut and regularly. Grass and many varieties of weeds, such as lamb's quarter, pig weed, etc., are useful, as also is garden waste. The practice of using green feed is too often neglected. It is not that a pig consumes any great quantity of green stuff but the fact that he gets some suitable fresh vegetable matter regularly each day is responsible for the healthy, thrifty condition induced.

Winter fed market pigs and breeding stock relish a little fibrous matter to chew and they require it regularly. They will eat straw if nothing better is available. Give them second cut clover or alfalfa or well cured grass or cereal crop that has been cut green. The desirable effects of feeding a few mangels daily are too well known to call for further comment. The thing is to see that all pigs, except the very young, get some form of vegetable matter regularly.

Pigs which do not have access to the earth should have a box of it in their pens. It is as cheap as it is desirable, and will be consumed sparingly but regularly. Laying up a supply of sods in the fall provides for a good mineral supplement in the case of winter fed pigs.

U. S. Presidents Buried in Widely Scattered Sections

Both John Adams and John Quincy Adams lie buried in the granite temple of the First Unitarian church in Quincy, Mass., and Monroe and Tyler in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond, Va.

Jefferson was buried in the family burial lot at Monticello, Albemarle county, Virginia; Madison, in the family burial lot at Montpelier, Orange county, Virginia; Jackson, on the Hermitage estate, near Nashville, Tenn.; Van Buren in the Kinderhook cemetery, Columbia county, New York; Polk, in the state Capitol grounds, Nashville, Tenn.

Taylor was buried near the old Taylor home (Springfield), about seven miles east of Louisville, Ky.; Fillmore in Forest Lawn cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.; Pierce in Old North cemetery, Concord, N. H.; Buchanan in Woodward Hill cemetery, Lancaster, Pa.; Johnson in Greeneville, Tenn.; Benjamin Harrison in Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis, Ind.; Cleveland in Princeton, N. J., and Arthur in the Rural cemetery, Albany, N. Y.

Ability of Philadelphia Lawyers

There appear to be many different opinions as to the origin of the expression, "It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to straighten it out." The proprietor of a newspaper was indicted for criminal libel and was successfully defended by Andrew Hamilton, a Philadelphia lawyer, in 1735. The case was epoch-making, as Hamilton established for all time the principles of free press and free speech, to which the law of libel should be forever subservient. The New England folks have a saying: "Three Philadelphia lawyers are a match for the very devil himself." This is taken from the Salem Observer of March 13, 1824.

The Argument and the Girl

By H. IRVING KING

MR. MORTLAKE CALLWEATHER sat before his library fire in as nearly a lounging position as the Chippendale (reproduction) chair which he occupied allowed of. Mr. Mortlake Callweather looked like "ready money." So did all about him. The furniture, the room itself gave the impression of opulence. But it was an opulence chastened by a broadling air of refinement and good breeding.

Before Mr. Callweather stood his son, a fine, upstanding young man of twenty-eight, connected, in a rather nebulous way, by virtue of his father's social position, with a bond-brokerage house "in the Street." There was a strong contrast between father and son, the one was thoroughly artificial and the other was thoroughly genuine.

"My dear Arthur," said Mr. Callweather in a carefully modulated voice, "pray sit down. Your standing attitude exaggerates your rather crude and too robust appearance." The young man took a seat and looked fixedly at his father with apprehensive curiosity as to what this interview might portend. Arthur Callweather lived in bachelor apartments by his father's express wish. As a member of the paternal household his presence would disturb the calm, quiet elegance of the fixed routine in which Mr. Mortlake Callweather chose to pass his life.

Whenever, as in the present instance, Arthur received a summons to the presence for an interview not on the schedule, it meant something—something unpleasant. "I have sent for you," said Mr. Callweather, "to confer concerning your marriage."

"Yes?" said Arthur eagerly. "I am glad of the opportunity—"

"Pray do not interrupt," went on he father. "It is such bad form to interrupt. Although we meet only at stated intervals I have considered it my duty as a parent to keep myself informed with regard to your doings, therefore, know all that you would tell me."

"As you please, sir," replied Arthur, "but there is the possibility that you may have been misinformed. In that case I think it only fair that I should be given an opportunity to be heard in my own behalf."

"You will not deny," said Mr. Callweather, eying with his eyeglasses, "that you have the intention of marrying Constance Gladding?"

"No," said Arthur with a rebellious look and a firmer setting of his jaw.

"Ah! I thought not," purred Mr. Callweather. "Well, my dear fellow, it won't do at all. It is, of course, time you were married—high time. And I fully appreciate the romantic dreams and things which are so apt to disturb the judgment of youth.

"I charge myself with grave dereliction that I have not kept a closer supervision upon your development. But regrets are vain. Besides, they size one. I will run over briefly the present situation. When your mother died, you being at that time an infant, less than a year old, I came into the enjoyment of an annuity which had been settled upon us jointly by our mother's great aunt for the term of our natural lives. In fact, it was the settlement of this annuity, prudently arranged between my father and your mother's great-aunt, which brought about our marriage. That annuity ceases with my death. I shall have nothing to leave you. You have not succeeded in amassing a fortune of your own. There remains for you a prudent marriage. I have no doubt Miss Gladding is charming—but she has no money to speak of. Miss Sally Bradish is also charming and will be, in time, immensely rich. I am in negotiation with her father and think a marriage with her can be arranged for you."

"In a matter of this kind, sir," said Arthur firmly, "I am forced to disagree with you. And I strongly object to having my marriage made a matter of financial negotiation."

"Well," said Arthur to Constance that night, "I had an interview by appointment with father today. I gathered from his few remarks that he does not approve of our marriage. Didn't expect he would! We've discounted all that. Connie, name the day."

"But what exactly did he say?" asked Constance.

"Oh, nothing of much importance," evaded the young man. But Constance was of a persistent nature. When she wanted to find out anything she generally found it out; and before Arthur realized what he was doing he had given her a pretty accurate account of his father's discourse.

"Well," said Constance at length, "you are getting a fair salary; father is not exactly poor—he would help us. I am good at economizing. Still, as your father says, Miss Bradish and her millions weigh on the side of prudence."

"Oh, bother Miss Bradish!" cried Arthur. "What do you say?"

"I say," replied Constance a few minutes later; "you are mussing my hair all up. How would a month from today do?"

Mr. Callweather refused to see his erring son and daughter-in-law for six months. Then he submitted to the logic of events and forgave them—did it openly in a mid-Victorian speech amid his Chippendale (reproduction) furniture.

Danger From Parrots

Parrot fever or psittacosis is an acute infectious disease with symptoms resembling those of typhoid and pneumonia. It has been known to medicine since 1879 and there have been several epidemics traced to the importation of sick members of the parrot family from tropical countries. The disease is transmitted from parrots, love-birds, etc., to human beings handling them and is considered especially dangerous to old persons.

Crocus Dates Away Back in Horticultural History

The crocus has its home on the shores of the Mediterranean sea and eastward into Asia. The name crocus is of Greek origin and means saffron. Saffran in turn is the English spelling of the Arabic word "zafaran."

The orange-yellow stigmas were dried and used in medicines of early times. They also were used in cooking, and still today the Persians and Spaniards mix them with their rice. In Greece and Rome, saffran was used as a perfume. It also was employed extensively as a yellow dye and still is today in certain sections of the Old world. Commercial plantings of crocus for the manufacture of saffran are still to be found in Persia, Spain, France and Sicily.

To us crocus is one of the loveliest of all spring-flowering plants, although there also are fall-flowering crocuses in existence. Soon after the snowdrops have put in their appearance come the crocuses with their large showy blooms in white, yellow, purple, and stripes of lilac and purple on a white ground. Crocus must be grown in a sunny place. Otherwise the blooms do not open up fully.—New York Herald Tribune.

Only Two States Have Phosphorus in Quantity

While there are deposits of phosphate rock in the West, practically all which is used in making powders comes from Florida and Tennessee. Since the early part of the Twentieth century natural phosphate rock has been the principal source of phosphate used for food purposes. Formerly the rock was treated with sulphuric acid, in which process the tribasic phosphate was converted into free phosphoric acid. The crude phosphoric acid usually contained small quantities of impurities, which had to be completely removed before it could be used for food purposes. The purified phosphoric acid was made into monocalcium phosphate by reaction with calcium carbonate. It was then dried in vacuum, milled to a fine granulation and bolted to a uniform size. The wet process of producing phosphoric acid has to some extent been supplanted by the volatilization processes, in which phosphorus is volatilized, oxidized to phosphoric anhydride and condensed in a small quantity of water, yielding a concentrated solution of phosphoric acid (H_3PO_4).

Apples of Tasmania Grow From Stump, Not From Limb

Tasmania, Australia, is known to the veteran traveler as apple land, although were the American asked to identify the fruit by the manner in which it grows he would find it difficult, asserts a writer in the Detroit News.

The trees are not more than six feet high. They are trimmed every year and only the stump is permitted to remain. Sprouts grow from the stump and the apples grow not hang from the limbs as here. The blossoms bloom from the body of the limb, which is covered with apples, once fittingly described thus: "Apples grow from the limb as freckles off an arm."

Apple growing is a considerable industry in Tasmania, upward of 3,500,000 bushels a year being shipped. The earth is especially suitable for the growth of the fruit, which thrives as no other would there. Large orchards dot the sides of the rocky hills.

The trees grow bushy and as many as 20 bushels of apples often can be picked from one. Fruit growers with ten acres of apple land in southern Tasmania earn a comfortable yearly income.

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The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

PROLOGUE.

Mystery-detective-love story, all in one, and each of the three good—that's "The Secret of Lonesome Cove." There's more in this book; there's a very interesting example of the effect of the study of heredity on a man's mind.

If you are romantic, read it for the pretty love story; if you're fond of mystery-detective stories, find out how Chester Kent, clever, learned scientist and investigator, searched out the "secret." If psychology's in your line, here's a case of the influence of the past on the present that is worth looking into.

From the time of the finding of the handcuffed body of the dead woman on the beach until Chester Kent solves the mystery and the patient artist-lover has his reward this tale is worth reading. It is one of the cleverest books of its well known author, Samuel Hopkins Adams.

CHAPTER I.

The Body on the Beach.

LONESOME COVE is one of the most frequented stretches on the New England seaboard. From the land side the sheer hundred foot drop of Hawkill cliffs shuts it off. There is no settlement near the cove. The somber repute suggested by its name has served to keep cottagers from building on the wildly beautiful uplands that overbrood the beach. The struggling pathways along the edge afford the only suggestion of human traffic within half a mile of the spot. A sharp cut ravine leads down to the sea by a rather treacherous descent.

Near the mouth of this opening a considerable gathering of folk speckled the usually deserted beach at noon of July 15. They centered on a dark object a few yards within the flood tide limit. Some scouted about, peering at the sand. Others pointed first to the sea, then to the cliffs.

From some distance off, a lone man of a markedly different type from the others observed them with an expression of displeasure. One of the group presently detached himself and ambled over to the newcomer.

"Swanny," he ejaculated, "if it ain't Perfessor Kent! Didn't know you at first under them whiskers. You remember me, don't you? I used to drive you around when you was here before."

"I've just come out of the woods, Jarvis. And as you have some very interesting specimens, I thought I'd have a look at them. Nobody really knows anything about coast currents, you know. Now my opportunity is spoiled."

"Spoilt? I guess not. You couldn't have come at a better time," said the local man eagerly.

"Ah, but you see, I had planned to swim out to the eddy and make some personal observations."

"You was going to swim into Dead Man's eddy?" asked the other, aghast. "Why, perfessor, you must have turned foolish. They ain't a man on this coast would take a chance like that."

"Superstition," retorted the other curtly. "On a still day such as this there would be no danger to an experienced swimmer. The conditions are ideal except for this crowd. What is it, Has the village gone picnicking?"

"Not sea'cely. Ain't you heard? Another one's come in through the eddy. Lies over yonder."

Professor Kent's eyebrows went up as he glanced toward the indicated spot; then gathered in a frown.

"Not washed up there, surely?" he said.

"Some time early this morning."

"Pshaw!" said the other, turning to look at the curving bulwark of rocks over which the soft slow swell was barely breaking. "If it were the other end of the cove, now, I could understand it."

"Yes," agreed Jarvis, "they mostly come in at the other end on this tide."

"Mostly? Always." The professor's tone was positive. "Unless my charts are wrong. But this—well, it spoils at least one phase of my theory."

"Theory?" exclaimed the ferryman, his pale eyes alight. "You got a theory? But I thought you didn't know anything about the body till I told you just now."

"Oh, my ruined theory has reference to the currents," sighed the other "It has nothing to do with dead men as such."

"This is a dead woman. Come and see for yourself."

Still frowning, Professor Kent suffered himself to be led to the spot. Two or three of the group, as it parted before him, greeted him. He found himself looking down on a corpse clad in a dark silk dress and stretched on a wooden grating, to which it was lashed with a small rope. Everything about the body indicated wealth. The dress was expensively made. The shoes were of the best type, and the stockings were silk. The head was marred by a frightful bruise which had crushed in the right side and extended around behind the ear. Blood had clotted thickly in the short close-curled hair. The left side was unmarked. The eyes were closed and the mouth was slightly open, showing a glint of gold amid very white and regular teeth. An expression of deadly terror distorted the face. Professor Kent bent closely over it.

"That's strange very strange," he murmured. "It should be peaceful."

"But look at the hand!" cried Jarvis.

Here, indeed, was the astounding feature of the tragedy, the aspect that brought Kent to his knees, the more closely to observe. The body lay twisted slightly to the right, with the left arm extended. The left wrist was enclosed in a light rusted handcuff to which a chain was fastened. At the end of the chain was the companion cuff, shattered, evidently by a powerful blow, and half buried in the sand. As Kent leaned over the corpse a full, powerful, grizzled man with a metal badge on his shirt front pushed forward.

"Them's cast iron cuffs," he announced. "That kind ain't been used these forty years."

"What kind of a ship did he carry in?" ten minutes?" asked some one in the crowd.

"An' what kind of a seaman'd be putting of 'em on a lady's wrist?" growled a formidable voice, which Kent, looking up, perceived to have come from amid a growth of heavy white whiskers, sprouting from a weather furrowed face.

"Seafaring man, aren't you?" inquired Kent.

"No more. Fifty year of it, man an' boy, has put me in harbor."

"That's Sailor Smith," explained Jarvis.

"Mr. Smith, will you take a look at those lashings and tell me whether in your opinion they are the work of a sailor?" asked Kent.

The old hands fumbled expertly. The old face puckered. Judgment came forth presently.

"The knots is well enough. The lashin's a passable job. What gits me is the stuff."

"Well, what's wrong with the rope?"

"Nothin' in perticler. Only I don't know what just that style of rope would be doin' on shipboard, unless it was to hang the old man's wash on."

"Suppose we lift this grating," Kent suggested, "to see whether a ship's name is stamped somewhere on it."

He heaved the woodwork up on edge and held it so, while eager eyes scanned the under part. Murmurs of disappointment followed. In these Kent did not join. He had inserted a finger in a crevice of the splintered wood and had extracted some small object which he held in the palm of his hand, examining it thoughtfully.

"Wot ye got there?" demanded the sheriff.

Professor Kent stretched out his hand, disclosing a small grayish object.

"I should take it to be the cocoon of ephestia kuehniella," he announced. "It's a species of grain moth."

"Oh!" grunted Schlager. "You're a bug collector, eh?"

"Exactly," answered the other, transferring his trove to his pocket.

There for he seemed to lose interest in the center of mystery. Withdrawing to some distance he paced up and down the shore.

Nearer and nearer to high water mark his pacing took him. Presently he was scanning the tangled debris that the highest tide of the year had heaped up almost against the cliff's foot. When he rejoined the crowd it had suffered the loss of two of its component parts, the sheriff. Conjecture was buzzing from mouth to mouth as to the official's sudden defection.

"Whatever it was he got from the pocket," Kent heard one of the men say, "it started him quick."

"Looked to me like an envelope," hazarded some one.

"No," contradicted Sailor Smith; "paper would have been all pulped up by the water."

"Marked handkerchief, maybe," suggested another.

"Like as not," said Jarvis. "You bet that Len Schlager figured it out there was somethin' in it for him anyways. I could see the money gleam in his eye."

"That's right, too," confirmed the old sailor. "He looked just like that when he brought in that half wit peddler, thinkin' he was the thousan' dollar reward thief last year."

Professor Kent advanced and bent over the mangled corpse.

"Have to ask you to stand back, perfessor," said Jarvis. "Len's appointee me special dep'ty till he comes back."

"Wonder if Len knowed the corpse?" suggested somebody in the crowd.

"Tell you who did if he didn't," said another man.

"Who, then?"

"Elder ivy Dennett. Didn't none of you hear about his meetin up with a strange woman yestiddy evenin'?"

"Shucks! This couldn't be that wo man," said Jarvis. "How'd she come to be washed ashore from a wreck between last night and this morning?"

"How'd she come to be washed ashore from a wreck anyway?" countered Sailor Smith. "She ain't been no storm for a week, an' this body ain't been dead twenty-four hours."

"It plumb beats me," admitted Jarvis.

"Who is this Dennett?" asked Professor Kent.

"Iry? He's the town gab of Martindale Center. Does a little plumbin' an tinkerin' on the side. Just now he's up to Cadystown. Took the 10 o'clock train last night."

"Then it was early when he met this woman?"

"Little after sundown. He was risin the hill beyond the Nook that's Sedgwick's place, the painter feller what she come out of the shrubbery ten

"How'd she come to be washed ashore?" countered Sailor Smith.

he quizzed her. Trust the elder for that. But he didn't get much out at her until he mentioned the Nook. Then she allowed she guessed she'd go there. An' he watched her go."

"You say a man named Sedgwick lives at the Nook. Is that Francis Sedgwick the artist?" asked Kent.

"That's him," said Sailor Smith. "Paints right purty pictures. Lives there all alone with a chinese cook."

"Well, the lady went down the hill," continued Jarvis, "just as Sedgwick come out to smoke a pipe on this stone wall. Iry thought he seemed surprised when she bespoke him. They passed a few remarks, an' then they had some words an the lady marched back an kinder scornful. He seemed to be pointin' at a necklace of queer, fiery pink stones that she wore and tryin' to get somethin out of her. She turned away an' he started to follow, when all of a sudden she grabbed up a rock an' hit him, have it, bing! Keeled him clean over. Then she ran away up the road toward Hawkill cliffs."

"Well, this corpse ain't got no pink necklace," suggested somebody.

"Bodies sometimes get robbed," said Sailor Smith.

Chester Kent stooped over the writhen face, again peering close. Then he straightened up and began pulling thoughtfully at the lobe of his ear.

"Say," said Sailor Smith, "what's them queer little marks on the neck under the ear?"

Back came Kent's eyes. "Those?" he said, smiling. "Why, those are, one might suppose, such indentations as would be made in flesh by forcing a jewel setting violently against it by a blow or strong impact."

"Then you think it was the wom"—began the old seaman when several voices broke in:

"There goes Len now!"

The sheriff's heavy figure appeared on the brow of the cliff, moving toward the village.

"Who la it with him?" inquired Kent.

"Gansett Jim," answered Jarvis.

"An Indian?"

"Gosh! You got good eyes!" said Jarvis. "He's more Indian than anything else. Comes from down Ganssett way and gets his name from it."

"H-m! When did he arrive?"

"While you was trapsin' around up yonder."

"Did he see the body?"

"Yep. Just after the sheriff got whatever it was from the pocket Ganssett Jim bore in sight. Len went over to him quick, an' said somethin' to him. He come and give a look at the body. But he didn't say nothing. Only grunted. The sheriff tells me to watch the body. Then he says, 'An I'll need somebody to help me. I'll take you, Jim. So he an' the Indian goes away together."

Professor Kent nodded. He looked seaward where the reefs were now being thrust their teeth more plainly through the racing currents, and he sighed. Then he bade the group farewell and set off up the beach.

"He's a sort of a harmless scientific crank," explained Jarvis; "comes from Washington; something to do with the government work."

"Kinder loony, I think," conjectured a little, thin, piping man. "Musses and moves around like it."

"Is that so?" said Sailor Smith, who still had his eyes fixed on the scarified beck. "Well, I ain't any too dum sure that he's as big a fool as some folks I know that thinks likelier of themselves. He seen there was somethin queer about that rope, an' he ast me about the knots, right off."

Possibly the one supporter of the absent would have wavered in his loyalty had he seen the trove that Professor Chester Kent had carried unostentatiously from the beach, in his pocket, after picking it from the grat ing. It was the fuzzy cocoon of a small and quite unimportant insect. The Washington scientist, seated on a bowlder opened up the cocoon with absorbed interest, pricked it until the impotent inmate wriggled in protest, and then cast it aside to perish.

Between the roadway and the broad front lawn of the Nook a four foot, rough stone wall interposes. Looking up from his painting, Francis Sedgwick beheld in the glare of the afternoon sun a spare figure rise alertly upon the wall, descend to the road and rise again. He stepped to the open window and watched a curious progress. A scrubby bearded man clad in serviceable khaki was performing a stunt, with the wall as a basis. He was walking from east to west quite fast and every third pace stepping upon the wall; stepping. Sedgwick duly noted, not jumping, the change of level being made without visible effort.

Leaning out of the window he called: "Hello, there!"

"Good afternoon," said the stranger, in a quiet, cultivated voice.

"Would you mind telling me what you are doing on my wall?"

"Not in the least," replied the bearded man, rising haughty into full view and subsiding again with the rhythm of a wave.

"Well, what are you doing?"

"Taking a little exercise."

By this time, having reached the end of the wall, he turned and came back making the step with his right leg in stead of his left. Sedgwick hurried downstairs and out into the roadway The stranger continued his performance silently.

"Do you do that often?" he asked presently.

The gymnast paused, poised like a Mercury on the high cupola. "Yes," said he, "otherwise I shouldn't be able to do it at all. It is in pursuance of a theory of self defense."

"What in the world has wall hopping to do with self defense?"

"I shall expound," said the stranger in professional tones, taking a seat by the unusual method of setting himself down on one leg while holding the other at right angles to his body. "Do you know anything of jujutsu?"

"Very little."

"In common with most Americans For that reason alone the Japanese system is highly effective here, not so effective in Japan You perceive there the basis of my theory."

"No; I don't perceive it at all."

"A system of defense is effective in proportion to its unfamiliarity. That is all."

"Then your system consists in stepping up on a wall and diving into obscurity on the farther side perhaps," suggested Sedgwick ironically.

"Defense, I said, not escape. Escape is perhaps preferable to defense, but not always so practicable. No; the wall merely served as a temporary gymnasium while I was waiting for you."

"You have distinctly the advantage of me," said Sedgwick, with a frown, for he was in no mood to welcome strange visitors.

"To return to my theory of self defense," said the other imperturbably "My wall exercise serves to keep limber and active certain muscles that in the average man are half atrophied."

He rose on one foot with an ease that made the artist stare, descended, selected from the roadway a stone of medium cobble size and handed it to Sedgwick.

"Let that lie on the palm of your hand," said he, "and hold it out, wrist high."

As he spoke he was standing two feet from the other to his right. Sedgwick did as he was requested. As his hand took position there was a twist of the bearded man's tithe body, a sharp click, and the stone, flying in a rising curve, swished through the leafage of a lilac fifty feet away.

"How do you do these?" cried the artist.

The other showed a slight indentation on the inside of his right boot heel and then swung his right foot slowly and steadily up behind his left knee and back to rest into position again. "At shoulder height," he explained. "I could have done the same, but it would have broken your hand."

"I see," said the other, adding with distaste, "but to kick an opponent Why, even as a boy I was taught"—

"We were not speaking of child's play," said the visitor coolly, "nor am I concerned with the ethics of the principle as applied to my theory. When one is in danger one uses knife or gun, if at hand. I prefer a less deadly and more effective weapon. Kicking aside-wise, either to the front or to the rear, I can disarm a man, break his leg or lay him senseless. It is the special development of such muscles as the perfection and practice. I owe you this explanation. I hope you won't prosecute for trespass. Mr. Long-Legs Leggy Sedgwick."

CHAPTER II.

Professor Kent Makes a Case.

"LEGGY!" The artist had whirled about at the name. "Nobody's called me that for ten years."

"Just ten years ago that you graduated, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Then I knew you in college. You must have been before my class."

The bearded one nodded. "Senior to your freshman," said he.

The younger man scrutinized him. "Chester Kent!" said he softly. "What on earth are you doing behind that bush?"

Kent caressed the maligned whiskers. "Utility," he explained. "Patent, impenetrable mosquito screen. I've been out in the woods and am or was —going back presently."

"Not until you've stopped long enough to get reacquainted," declared Sedgwick. "Just at present you're going to stay to dinner."

"Very good. Just now you happen to be in my immediate line of interest. It is a fortunate circumstance for me to find you here possibly for you too."

Old interests sprang to life and speech between them. Presently Francis Sedgwick was telling his friend the story of his feverish and thwarted ten years in the world. Within a year of his graduating his only surviving relative had died, willing to him a considerable fortune, the income of which he used in furtherance of a hitherto suppressed ambition to study art. Paris, his Mecca, was first a taskmistress, then a temptress, finally a vampire. Before succumbing he had gone far in a few years toward the development of a certain technique of his own. Followed then two years or dissipation, a year of travel to recuperate and the return to Paris, which was to be once more the taskmistress. But, to his terror and self loathing, he found the power of application gone. The muscles of his mind had become flabby.

"All by virtue of a woman's laugh; the laugh of a woman without virtue," he told Kent. "It was at the Moulin de la Galette—perhaps you know the dance hall on the slope of Montmartre —and she was one of the dancers, the wreck of what had once been beauty and, one must suppose, innocence. Probably she thought me too much abstinth soaked to hear or understand as I sat half asleep at my table. At all events she answered, full voiced, her companion's question, 'Who is the drunken foreigner?' by saying: 'He was an artist. The studios talked of him five years ago. Look at him now! That is what life does to us, men and. I'm the woman of it. That's the man of it.' I staggered up, made her a bow and a promise and left her laughing. Last month I redeemed the promise; sent her the first thousand dollars I made by my own work and declared my debt discharged. How about yourself?"

"Postgraduate science. Agricultural department job. Lectures. Invention. Judiciary department expert. Signed, Chester Kent.' Ten words—count them ten."

"Interesting, but unsatisfying," retorted his friend. "Can't you expand a bit? I suppose you haven't any dark secret in your life?"

"No secret, dark or light," sighed the other. "The newspapers won't let me have."

"Eh? Won't let you? Am I to infer that you've become a famous person? What are you, anyway?"

"What I told you, an expert in the service of the department of justice. I like to flatter myself that my pursuit is scientific."

"Pursuit? What do you pursue?"

"Men and motives."

Sedgwick's intelligent eyes widened. "Wait," he said; "something occurs to me, an article in a French journal about a wonderful new American expert in criminology who knows all there is to know and takes only the most abstruse cases. I recall now that the article called him 'le Professeur Chetre Kennat.' That would be about as near as they would come to your name. The Frenchman made you out a most superior species of bichfauin detective, working along lines peculiarly your own"—

"Rot!" interjected Kent. "The only lines a detective can work along successfully are the lines laid down for him by the man he is after."

"Sounds more reasonable than romantic," admitted the artist. "Come now, Kent, open up and tell me something about yourself."

"You remember I got into trouble my senior year with the college authorities by proving the typhoid epidemic direct against a forgotten defect in the sewer system. It nearly cost me my diploma, but it burned me too, later, for a scientist in the department of agriculture at Washington learned of it and sent for me after graduation. He mapped out for me a three years' postgraduate course, which I had just about enough money to take. While I specialized on botany, entopology and bacteriology, I picked up a working knowledge of other branches—chemistry, toxicology, geology, mineralogy, physiology and most of the natural sciences.

"Once in the department I found myself with a sort of roving commission. I worked under such men as Wiley, Howard and Merriam and learned from them something of the infinite and scrupulous patience, the truly original scientific achievement demands. At first my duties were largely those of minor research. Then, by accident largely, I changed upon the plot to help Hilton Comber by introducing the boll weevil into the uninfested cotton area and checked that. Soon afterward I was put on the 'department' enterprise and succeeded in discovering the process whereby it was hoped to sell spoiled meat for good.

"What spare time I had I devoted to experimenting along mechanical lines and patented an invention that has been profitable. Something ago the department of justice borrowed me on a few cases with a scientific bearing, and more recently offered me incidental work with them on such favorable terms that I resigned my other position. The terms include liberal vacations, one of which I am now taking. And here I am! Is that sufficient?"

"What about your literary endeavor kick? You don't practice that for drawing room exhibitions, I take it?"

"Sometimes," confessed the scientist. "I have found myself at close quarters with persons who have done clayter. The fact is, that an ingenious plot to get rid of a very old friend, Dr Lucius Carter, the botanist, drew me into the criminal line, and since then I've found that I have been more or less fairly to obtrude itself on me, officially and unofficially. Even up here where I hoped to enjoy a month's rest and forget my job, he said, breaking off, "what you have a most interesting insect of ocean currents hereabouts?"

"Of course. Lonesome Cove. But kindly finish that 'even up here.' I recollect your saying that you were walking for me. Haven't traced any scientific crime to my door, have you?"

"Let me forget my work for a little while," plended his visitor, "and look at yours."

Sedgwick rose. "Come upstairs," he said and led the way to the big, bare, bright studio.

From the threshold Chester Kent delivered an opinion after one approving survey. "You really work, I see."

"I really do. Where do you see it, though?"

"All over the place. No draperies or fripperies or footperies of art here. The barer the room the more work done in it."

He walked over to a curious contrivance resembling a small hand press, examined it, surveyed the empty easel, against which were leaning face in a number of pictures all of a size and turned half a dozen of them over, ranging them and stepping back for examination.

"Good work," pronounced Kent quietly, and in some subtle way the commonplace words conveyed to their hearer the fact that the man who spoke them knew.

"It's the best there is in me at least," said Sedgwick.

Kent went slowly around the walls, keenly examining, silently appraising. There were landscapes, genre bits, studies of the sea in its various moods, all the varied subjects handled with a deftness of truth and drawing and colored with a clear softness quite individual.

"Have you found or founded a new system of coloring?" asked Kent as he moved among the little masterpieces. "No; don't tell me." He touched one of the surfaces delicately. "It's not paint, and it's not pastel. Oh, I see! They're all of one size, of course." He glanced at the heavy mechanism near the easel. "They're color prints."

Sedgwick nodded. "Monotypes," said he. "I paint on copper, make one

"It's the first one I've given a name to. I call it 'The Rough Rider.'"

impress and then—phut!—a sponge across the copper makes each one an original."

"You certainly obtain your effects."

"The printing seems to refine the color. For instance, moonlight on white water, a thing I've never been able to approach either in straight oils or water. See here."

From behind a cloth he drew a square and set it on the easel.

"It's the first one I've given a name to. I call it 'The Rough Rider.'"

A full moon, brilliant amid blown cloud rack, lighted up the vast procession of billows charging in upon a near coast. In the foreground a corpse, the face bent far up and back from the spar to which it was lashed, rode with wild abandon headlong at the unlook-

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er on the crest of a roaring surge. The rest was infinite clarity of distance and desolation.

"The Rough Rider?" murmured Kent; then, with a change of tone, "When did you finish this picture?"

"Yesterday."

"H-m! Has any one else seen it?"

"That old fraud of a plumber, Elder Dennett, saw me working on it yesterday when he was doing some repairing here and borrowed it that I gave him the piece."

"Dennett? Well, then that's all up," said Kent, as if speaking to himself. "There's a streak of superstition in all these New Englanders. He'd be sure to interpret it as a confession before the fact. However, Elder Dennett left this morning for a trip to Cadystown. That's so much to the good."

"He may have left for a trip to Hadesdown for all I care, stated Sedgwick with conviction. "What's it all about anyway?"

"I'll tell you as soon as I've mulled it over a little and let me cool my mind down with some more of your pictures." He turned to the wall border again and faced another picture out. "What's this? You seem to be something of a dab in black and white too."

"Oh, that's an imaginary face," said Sedgwick carelessly.

"Imaginary face studied from various angles," commented Kent. "It's a very lovely face and the most wistful I've ever seen. A fairy prisoned on earth with a sorrow might wear some such expression of startled wondering purity, I fancy."

"Poetry as well as mystery! Kent, you grow and expand on acquaintance."

"There is poetry in your study of that imaginary fay. Imaginary! Umbum!" continued Kent dryly as he stooped to the floor. "I suppose this is an imaginary hairpin too."

"My Chinaman"— began Sedgwick quickly, when the other caught him up:

"Don't be uneasy. I'm not going to combat the fearfulness of asking who she is."

(Continued on Page 6.)

Crocus Dates Away Back in Horticultural History

The crocus has its home on the shores of the Mediterranean sea and eastward into Asia. The name crocus is of Greek origin and means saffron. Saffron in turn is the English spelling of the Arabic word "zafaran."

The orange-yellow stigmas were dried and used in medicines of early times. They also were used in cooking, and still today the Persians and Spaniards mix them with their rice. In Greece and Rome, saffron was used as a perfume. It also was employed extensively as a yellow dye and still is today in certain sections of the Old world. Commercial plantings of crocus for the manufacture of saffron are still to be found in Persia, Spain, France and Sicily.

To us crocus is one of the loveliest of all spring-flowering plants, although there also are fall-flowering crocuses in existence. Soon after the snowdrops have put in their appearance come the crocuses with their large showy blooms in white, yellow, purple, and stripes of lilac and purple and a white ground. Some also are grown in a sunny place. Otherwise the blooms do not open up fully.—New York Herald Tribune.

U. S. Presidents Buried in Widely Scattered Sections

Both John Adams and John Quincy Adams lie buried in the granite temple of the First Unitarian church in Quincy, Mass., and Monroe and Tyler in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond, Va. Jefferson was buried in the family burial lot at Monticello, Albemarle county, Virginia; Madison, in the family burial lot at Montpelier, Orange county, Virginia; Jackson, on the Hermitage estate, near Nashville, Tenn.; Van Buren in the Kinderhook cemetery, Columbia county, New York; Polk, in the state Capitol grounds, Nashville, Tenn.

Taylor was buried near the old Taylor home (Springfield), about seven miles east of Louisville, Ky.; Fillmore in Forest Lawn cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.; Pierce in Old North cemetery, Concord, N. H.; Buchanan in Woodward Hill cemetery, Lancaster, Pa.; Johnson in Greeneville, Tenn.; Benjamin Harrison in Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis, Ind.; Cleveland in Princeton, N. J.; Arthur in the Rural cemetery, Albany, N. Y.

BUD 'n' BUB — MOUND BUILDERS — By ED KRESSY

WE'RE GOING TO STAY IN OUR OWN COUNTRY TODAY BOYS & LEARN SOMETHING OF THE ANCIENT MOUND BUILDERS.
MOUND AND CIRCLE—SERPENT—GEODETIC COUNTY—HIGHWAY.
BARBECUE OF THE MOUND BUILDERS IS STREWN ALL OVER THE MISSISSIPPI BASIN BUT THE MOUNDS ARE ESPECIALLY NUMEROUS IN THE OHIO VALLEY.
GREAT MOUND AT MARIETTA OHIO.
EARTHENWARE, FINELY-CHIPPED FLINTS, MANUFACTURED BRACELETS AND OTHER ORNAMENTS HAVE BEEN FOUND IN THESE MOUNDS.
SIZES 2 to 5 FEET HIGH 40 TO 60 FEET ACROSS.
BIRDS-EYE VIEW.
THE SERPENT MOUND—IN ADAMS COUNTY, OHIO
IN OHIO THE LARGEST MOUND IS FOUR MILES IN WARREN COUNTY—A MILE LONG.
LETS BUILD A MOUND IN OUR BACKYARD WASH WE GOT BACK HOME, WHAT'S THAT BUB?

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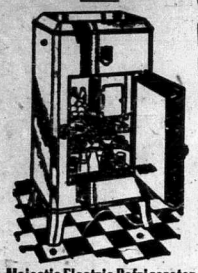

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THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Good Horse Races.

The Races at the Napanee Driving Park on Monday, July 3rd, will be good, as all races are filled with fast horses.

Auto Speeding Cases.

Several speeding cases have been tried before Police Magistrate Graham the past few days, and the usual fines have been imposed where convictions have been registered.

Assisted at the Devotions.

The Right Rev. Monsignor McDonald, of St. Patrick's church, was among the visiting clergymen who attended the Forty Hours Devotions which opened in St. Vincent de Paul Church, Deseronto, on Sunday and concluded on Tuesday of last week.

Kicked by Horse.

Mr. Percy Madden while near Odessa a few days ago had the misfortune to be kicked in the left leg by a horse, with the result that since the accident he has had to use crutches. The bruise was a very painful one, although no bones were broken.

Market.

There was an abundance of garden produce on the market on Saturday, with prices about the same as on the quite briskly, while new potatoes were offered for sale. There was also an abundance of strawberries, the quotations being 10c., and 2 boxes for 25c. There was considerable lettuce, rhubarb, beets, asparagus, onions, etc., and there was a fairly good sprinkling of poultry.

Golf.

Napanee golfers were guests of the Picton golf club Wednesday afternoon last. The Picton players were winners in every match except one, the score being 30 to 3. Mr. Dibb was the only winner for Napanee. Other Napanee players were Messrs. K. Ham, Mackinnon, Douglas, McLaughlin, Maybee, Dafoe, Galbraith, Wilson, Nickle, and Robinson. Picton players were C. Colliver, Ed. Carter, Charles Wright, Fred Healy, James H. Carter, Dr. Allison, Phil Browne, Winston Hicks, L. Reid, Gordon Walmsley and F. E. Waldron.

Rogers—Armstrong.

The wedding of Herbert S. Rogers, of Tamworth, and Miss Agnes Armstrong, of Toronto, was solemnized in the Tamworth United Church on Saturday, Rev. A. D. Waite officiating. After the ceremony the happy couple and guests motored to Napanee, when a sumptuous wedding dinner was served at the Hotel Paisley. The party numbered twenty and the dinner was served at six o'clock. The table looked lovely with a profusion of flowers. Immediately after the dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers left by motor for Toronto and other points.

Band Concert.

On Friday evening the Napanee Citizens' Band gave a splendid program in the Harvey Warner Park, which was heard by many of the townspeople. The program opened with the well-known march, "Colonel Bogey," which was followed by a fine selection, "Songs from the Old Folks." The programme consisted of marches and waltzes, overtures and polkas. Bandsman Robert Norris contributed a baritone solo, "Polka Euphonius," and in the second part of the program Bandsman A. E. Smith played as a cornet solo, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes." A sacred overture, "Throw Out the Lifeline," completed a well balanced program, after which the National Anthem was played.

Entertained.

On Tuesday evening the officers and members of the Mission Circle of Trinity United Church entertained the officers and members of Grace United Church at a picnic which was held at Springside park. After partaking of a bountiful menu, the members of the Trinity Circle held their regular monthly meeting. The president, Mrs. Will Calvert, presided and the devotional exercises were conducted by Miss Laura Rockwell. The roll call was well responded to, and an added event of the evening was the vocal solo by Miss James, of the Canadian Institute for the Blind, who is the possessor of a splendid soprano voice. Community singing was also enjoyed, and at the close a hearty vote of thanks to the Trinity Circle was moved by Miss Emma VanAlstyne, president of the Grace Church Circle, and Miss Edna Hull, which was unanimously carried.

Beautiful Remembrance.

At the monthly meeting of the Womens Association of Grace Church held at Mr. and Mrs. Jas. VanKoughnett's Newburgh road, on Thursday afternoon, at which Mrs. R. G. Wales, the president, presided, expressions of regret were said in the loss of one of the most active members, Mrs. W. P. Woodger, who with Mr. Woodger and family leave next week for Cobourg. There was a very large attendance, as the afternoon was ideal, the meeting was held on the lawn. After the business session, Mrs. Gerald Smith contributed a reading. Mrs. E. R. Sills, one of the oldest members of the Association then presented Mrs. Woodger with one dozen beautiful salad forks, and in her acknowledgment Mrs. Woodger referred to the seven happy years which she had spent as a member of the Association, and in concluding wished for the society abundant success in the future. Dainty refreshments were served at the close.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. R. T. RICHARDS, B.A., B.D., Minister.

9.30 a.m.—Class Meeting.

10.30 a.m.—Morning worship conducted by the minister.

11.45 a.m.—Sunday School.

7 p.m.—Evening worship conducted by the minister.

These will be the opening services of Mr. Richards' ministry.

Induction service for the new minister, Rev. R. T. Richards, will be conducted by representatives of the Belleville Presbytery on Thursday, June 29th, at 8 p.m.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Successful Pupils.

The following pupils of Miss Beatrice Baughan were successful in their examinations in connection with the (Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, London, England): Elementary Piano, Miss Leanore Valkman; Primary Piano, with distinction, Miss Marjorie Price.

Social Leader Hires Out as a Servant.

Mrs. Myra Williams Jarrell—of a prominent "First Family" of Topeka, Kansas—tells in The American Weekly with next Sunday's Detroit Times, how she acquired some real first-hand knowledge of the way household help is treated and describes her experiences as a cook and general housework girl.

Motor Accident.

A truck from Napanee and a car from Kingston collided on Saturday morning between Westbrooke and Odessa, resulting in considerable damages to the car and damages to the front of the truck. The Kingston car was proceeding east at the time, while the truck was coming out of a side road, and the impact threw the car almost to the ditch. Slight injuries were received by the respective drivers. Traffic Officers Dowsley and Rawlins made the investigation.

School Board Reduces Tax Rate.

At the meeting of the Town Council on Friday evening, the Finance Committee recommended a reduction in the tax rate of one mill. In their report the committee forgot to mention the fact that the saving is wholly due to the reduction in expenses made by the Board of Education, which is asking for $9430.36 less for school purposes this year. Last year the Board's requisition was $18,280.00 and this year the amount asked is $14,859.70. The Board of Education has looked very carefully after the expenditure during the past few years and the tax payers are now receiving the benefit of their careful policy.

Band Concert.

The Citizens' Band will give the following program on Friday evening, June 30th in the Harvey Warner Park:

The Band Signature March—"Chief of Staff."

Programme

The opening will be in remembrance of Dominion Day.

"O Canada" and "The Maple Leaf Forever."

March—Canada on Parade.

Euphonium Solo—Mr. R. Norris.

March—Blaze Away.

Waltzes on Scottish Melodies. This selection will be played for Mr. James MacGillivray, who is leaving us very soon for Scotland. Bon Voyage, Mack !

Intermission

March—The Kilties March.

Cornet Solo—A Perfect Day - G. W. MacGregor.

March—National Emblem.

Overture—Magnets.

Patriotic March—Under the British Flag.

Sacred Selection—"Faith of Our Fathers."

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Gibbard's Won.

In a game which was featured with good hitting, and numerous misplays, Gibbard's "A" team defeated Cobourg at the Driving Park on Saturday afternoon by 11-8. The day was hot, although good baseball weather, and the fans, of whom there were many, came to witness one of the games of the season, but errors spoiled the proceedings to quite an extent. Both teams were guilty of misplays, the visiting team have the most errors chalked up against them. The locals started the run-getting in the first by scoring three times, and repeated in the second adding five more. Cobourg scored three in the second, three in the third and two in the fourth, and when the 7th innings opened the teams were tied eight all. In this innings every man on the home team came to bat, and with the hits and passes scored three runs, which was the final scoring of the game. In the seventh, Pointer relieved Freddie Bentley on the mound, while Cairns replaced Stinson behind the plate. The teams were:

Cobourg—Gibson 2b; Mitchell c; A. Campbell 1b; Elliott ss; Ethier 3b; Campbell rf; Brooks lf; Goode cf; Ivey p.

Gibbards—Card ss; Kinkley 2b; Gibbard cf; Bentley p; Pointer p; Andrews lf; Lucas 3b; Sweet rf; Wilson 1b; Stinson c; Cairns c.

Umpires—Henney, of Cobourg, at the plate; Loucks, of Napanee, on the bases.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE'S CHURCH

Rev. Canon E. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services for Sunday, July 2nd. Third Sunday after Trinity

8 a.m.—Holy Communion.

11 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Litany.

7 p.m.—Evensong.

Thursday—St. Peter's Day—Holy Communion in Chapel at 10 a.m.

A Million Gallons a Day.

The Waterworks Department of the Public Utilities Commission are sending out notices advising customers that water must not be used for lawn service between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. The demand for water by the Acme Farmers Dairy, and the hot weather is overtaxing the capacity of the water power pumps, and the auxiliary pumps, while ready for use, are expensive to run. The consumption of water in Napanee during the past few weeks has been over a million gallons a day.

Afternoon Tea.

The ladies of the Napanee Golf and County Club are having such wonderful teas every Saturday afternoon that many new members have been added to the list. Last Saturday the Club House looked very pretty with rose peonies and blue delphiniums in huge bouquets around the room. There were seven tables playing cards, while several others came in at the tea hour, making forty in all. The tea table was most attractive with its lace cloth and silver basket of red roses besides the delicious refreshments, which were served by Mrs. B. F. Davy and Mrs. F. S. Boyes, who were the hostesses for the day.

Presentation.

The members of Grace Church choir gathered at the home of their leader Mrs. Bert. Seymour, on Thursday night, and after a short rehearsal, Miss Ruth Woodger was made the recipient of a gift on the eve of her departure for Cobourg, where her father will assume the pastorate of Trinity United Church. Miss Woodger has been a member of the choir for the past few months and on several occasions has assisted in the solo work, as well as in the ladies quartettes. Regrets were expressed that she would soon be leaving the choir, and after the presentation she made a fitting acknowledgment. Games were played and dainty refreshments served at the close.

Horseshoe Pitchers.

The Napanee Horseshoe Pitchers are now organized and judging from the crowds at the new courts on Water street, the old game of "Barnyard Golf" has come to stay. The members have worked hard on the new courts, the new lights are installed and Napanee now boasts of the best courts in Eastern Ontario. The boys are pitching better than ever this season, and judging from their showing in the past they will take some beatin gthis season. Now you baseball players, here's an opportunity for yo uto limber up after the sun goes down. Just go down to Walter Higgs' rhubarb patch on Water street, pick up the shoes and go to it. It takes the kinks out of your pitching arm, and is a sure cure for lumbago. It is hoped to have five teams in the league this year, Belleville, Bloomfield, Deseronto, Picton, Papanee and possibly Kingston. Full particulars will be advertised later.

MORE SPORT.

County League Games.

Two county league games were played on Saturday afternoon, Yarker playing at Adolphustown and Gibbards "B" team at Enterprise. The first game resulted in a win for the Maple Leafs, by the score of 8-6, the Yarker team sustaining their first defeat in the county league this summer. Ed. Gallagher pitched for the homesters, while Kilgannon was on the mound for Yarker. The game was free from any disputes, and was one of the best played this year. Fred Carter of Napanee umpired at the plate. Gibbard's second team were defeated by 11-4 by Enterprise and was a great surprise as in the game played here a week previous, the furniture boys won out after a hectic struggle. Card and Ted. Bentley did the hurling for Gibbards, while Wagar and Spratt performed a similar duty for the home team. Large crowds witnessed both games.

Tax Rate Reduced.

A reduction of one mill in the tax rate for Napanee was announced at a special meeting of the Town Council held on Friday evening. Mayor Kimmerly was in the chair. A by-law was introduced and received its several readings, and the rate for this year will be 56 mills. The council passed a resolution which stated "We consider that the Finance Committee has made a remarkable achievement in reducing the rate one mill, particularly as the County Rate for the year has been raised one mill." If the County had remained the same as last year, the Finance Committee of the town would have been able to make a reduction of two mills. The personel of the Finance Committee is Reeve W. G. Paul, chairman; Capt. A. S. Hughson and F. D. Marsh. The finance committee also recommended that each department keep within its appropriation this year, which is expected to be done, and if so there will be no overdraft at the end of the year.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

REV. HARRY PAWSON, Minister.

United services with St. Andrew's during July and August.

July 2nd, services in St. Andrew's

10.30 a.m.—Communion service for both congregations. Both ministers officiating.

8 o'clock—Evening service. Preacher, Rev. A. J. Wilson.

Sunday school sessions withdrawn during July.

Slightly Improved.

The condition of Master Jack Godfrey, who sustained injuries a few days ago when he was knocked off his bicycle, was slightly improved during the week-end. After the accident Jack was taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Deseronto road, near where the accident occured, where he received medical attention. Later he was taken to the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, where two X-Rays were taken, which showed that his skull had been fractured. The parties who were in the car were only held for a short time, and were allowed to proceed to Detroit to attend a funeral. The parties were from Quebec province.

Napanee Won.

On Thursday evening the Grace Church softball team played a friendly game with a picked team from Kingston, the locals winning by the score of 13-11. The local team a few days ago secured a new pitcher, Harry Moore, and with very little practice he has developed into a very promising hurler. In the early stages of the game the locals piled up a fairly good lead, but the visitors kept hammering away and slowly decreased the lead, only to be nosed out by two runs. It was one of the best games and one of the most friendly games played here this summer, and there was not the semblance of a dispute. There was a very large attendance, and both teams were given generous applause.

Auto Accident.

Three people from Boston were taken to the Kingston general hospital on Sunday as the result of an accident near Cataraqui. The party consisted of James B. Hamilton, Ruth Hamilton, Louise Hamilton, Beatrice Hamilton and Enid L. Hamilton. The driver swerved to avoid hitting a car which was travelling in the same direction with the result that he hit a telephone post. James Hamilton had a lacerated forehead and seven teeth were knocked out of the lower jaw; Ruth Hamilton suffered lacerations to the right ear, and Louise Hamilton suffered lacerations to the forehead. The others were shaken up.

L. L. Lalonde, of Belleville, had his arm broken when a car driven by F. A. Morgan, of Campbellford, went into the ditch near French's service station, and turned over. The cause was the bursting of a tire. The car was a complete wreck by bursting into flames.

Presentation.

On Monday night the members of the Four Square Class of Grace Sunday school gathered at the school room when an address expressing the regrets of the members in the severance of the ties which have existed between their teacher, Rev. W. P. Woodger, who with Mrs. Woodger and family left for their new home in Cobourg today. The address was read by Jack Black, and Mr. Woodger was presented with a beautiful pair of book ends. Some few months ago Mr. Woodger took over the duties as teacher and the numerical strength of the class began to grow, until today it numbers about thirty-five. Mr. Woodger very feeling acknowledged the address and exquisite gift. During the evening election of officers was held which resulted as follows: President, Jack Black; vice-pres., Jack Vanalstine; secretary, Ennis Orser; treasurer, Harry Moore; membership committee, Ambrose Dean chairman; Keith Sills, Fred Thompson, Reg. Stalker. Light refreshments were then served.

Preached Farewell Sermon.

Rev. W. P. Woodger preached his farwell messages in Grace church on Sunday, and in the evening the services at Trinity and St. Andrew's United churches were withdrawn. For the past seven years Mr. Woodger has been in Napanee and during that time he and Mrs. Woodger have made many warm friends. Both will be missed in church and community life, the former having been one of the officers of the Children's Aid Society, as well as a prominent member of the Rotary Club. At the evening service Rev. Harry Pawson and Rev. A. J. Wilson assisted and the auditorium of the church was filled with several in the gallery. Miss James, of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, contributed a pleasing solo, "The Holy City." After the service the congregation adjourned to the Sunday school room when Mr. and Mrs. Woodger were presented with a magnificent walnut bedroom suite, which will be sent to their new home in Cobourg in the course of a few days. The address was read by C. A. Wiseman, and R. B. Allen made the presentation. Fitting acknowledgment was made. The induction of Rev. Richards will take place on Thursday night, and will be in charge of Rev. T. H. P. Anderson, President of the Belleville Presbyterial, who will be assisted by Rev. Harry Pawson and Rev. Dr. Fletcher, of Odessa.

Say you saw it in The Express.

Returned Home.

R. E. Santer, local representative of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, returned home on Saturday after a delightful trip to Swampscott, Mass. For the excellent work which had been done through the Belleville office, this exceptionally fine trip was given, and the members of the party had a very enjoyable outing at this well known summer resort.

Transferred.

R. T. Smith, of the Dominion Bank staff, has been transferred to the Belleville branch, which will be learned with regret by his many friends here. "R. T." as he was known to everyone, was very popular, his splendid personality making many friends. Greatly interested in softball and other sports, he will be missed, particularly with the Selrites, on which team he was the pitcher.

LADIES' GOLF

A team of Kingston ladies visited the local Golf and Country Club on Tuesday, June 20th, and played a friendly game, which resulted in the following score:

Napanee		Kingston.	
Mrs. Boyle	2	Mrs. Minnes	0
Mrs. C. Wilson	0	Mrs. Folger	2
Miss D. Miller	0	Mrs. Chown	2
Mrs. Spencer	2	Mrs. Carson	0
Miss Vanalstine	0	Mrs. Rorke	2
Mrs. Jamieson	2	Mrs. Jackson	0
Mrs. W. Wilson	2	Mrs. Steacy	0
Mrs. Galbraith	2	Miss Nickle	0
Mrs. L. Douglas	2	Miss Armstrong	0
G. McLaughlin	0	Mrs. Rigney	2
	12		8

Radium Price Keeps Up

Radium is one of the few substances which have not declined in cost during recent years. This is unfortunate because of the great value of radium in the treatment of certain kinds of disease. For several years past, radium has been selling for about $70,000 per gram. This means it costs about $2,600,000 an ounce. There are only a few ounces of radium in existence, with a total value estimated at $17,000,000.

Political Parties

Major and minor political parties that have originated in the United States and those usually listed are as follows: Republican, Democrat, Prohibition, Nationals, National Peoples, Socialists-Labor, Silver, Anti-Masonic, Anti-Federal, Anti-Monopoly, Equal Rights, Farmers' Alliance, American (Know Nothing), Abolition, Constitutional Union, Industrial, Independents, Liberty League, Labor Reform, Liberty Abolitionists, Greenback, Silver Republican, Social Democrats, Union Reform, Union Labor, United Labor, Whigs, Liberalists, Federalists, Free-Soil, Farmer-Labor and Jobless.

Free Installation !
---of---
Hot Water Heaters
As supplied by the Hydro Electric Power Commission
Have the convenience of continuous automatic hot water heating in your home.
Installation does not cost you anything.
All heaters automatically controlled.
Get particulars from
Vine's Electric Shop
Market Square

TRAVEL BY RAIL
COMFORT, SAFETY, LOW COST

JASPER
ALASKA
Pacific Coast
LOW SUMMER VACATION FARES
This is the year for that long dreamed-of trip to the Pacific Coast, Alaska, or a mountain vacation at Jasper in the Canadian Rockies. New low fares offer surprising economies.
RETURN FARES from NAPANEE
To Jasper Park $67.50
To Vancouver, Victoria, Portland, Seattle $100.25
From Vancouver or Prince Rupert to Skagway, Alaska and return, $75.00 (including meals and berth on steamer).
Full details from any Canadian National Agent
7-33
ALWAYS USE CANADIAN NATIONAL TELEGRAPHS
CANADIAN NATIONAL

Wonderland!

Napanee's Favorite Place of Amusement

OUR SCREEN SPEAKS

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

BIG DOUBLE SHOW—Two Features, a Comedy and News Reel.

JAMES DUNN and ZASEV PITTS head the cast in

"HELLO SISTER"

A Fox Picture.

BEN LYONS and BARBARA WEEKS and a big cast present

"BY WHOSE HAND"

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Warner Bros. and Vitaphone Pictures present the talking screen's greatest achievement,

"42nd STREET"

With WARNER BAXTER, BEBE DANIELS, GUY KIBBEE, RUBY KEELER and GEORGE BRENT, and a big supporting cast.

Also a good Comedy and News Reel.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

"KING OF THE JUNGLE"

Also a 2-reel Comedy and other reels. With the lion man, BUSTER CRABBE, and FRANCES DEE heading the cast.

TUESDAY NIGHT is "DINNERWARE NIGHT."

NEW INDUSTRY TO COME TO CANADA

Montreal, June 24.—Montreal is to have a brand new industry—the manufacture of bay rum, formerly imported from outside Canada.

Dr. Emile Petit, director of the Iere Laboratories, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I., who sailed recently by the "vagabond Cruise" freighter, Colborne, made the announcement. He is returning to Trinidad after successfully negotiating the introduction of the new industry here.

Fifteen puncheons of rum are already on hand for the enterprise. Other ingredients will include essence of bay leaves, which are got from the laurel plant. The Canadian factory will be a branch of the British Company in Trinidad.

Bay rum is widely used as a toilet requisite. Some authorities claim it has the property of growing hair where bald spot begin to become conspicuous.

Romance Comes to Mattie Lou

By CHARLES S. REID

MATTIE LOU ARVEY was looking her prettiest, which was very pretty indeed, as she appeared in her new pink chambray dress which she had made herself, for Mattie Lou was an exceptional seamstress for her eighteen years. She had put a third of her last quarter's pay into that dress, for recently she had wanted to be attractive, not that she thought anything would ever come of it.

Old Tench Arvey owned a small store at the flag station of "Arvey" on the Saddle-back mountain. Tench was a sawmill logger, and his daughter Mattie Lou kept the store and the post office. Once each day a small sack of mail was taken off, and one delivered to the train going up the mountain.

It was said that the construction engineers of the railroad had made an error in their calculations when the roadbed was laid out up the mountain, and had allowed the road to be graded to a percentage of incline almost twice as heavy as had been intended. Accordingly, trains stopped at Arvey on flag, only on the way down. They dared not come to a stop going up, as it would have been next to impossible for them to get going again toward the top of the mountain on such a grade. Passengers going north were compelled to board the south-bound train, and catch an up-bound one at a junction at the foot of the mountain. The mail bags were delivered to the trains from an arm which had been prepared near the track.

Mattie Lou had to climb a small ladder in order to hang the mail bag up on the arm from which it might be swept by the hook at the car door.

She had been standing on this ladder, two rungs from the ground, when romance came for her that day, four months before. It was the morning when the new mail clerk had gone up the mountain on his first run on that division. He was a young fellow, with laughing blue eyes, and crinkly brown hair. He had been looking ahead from the car doorway when he espied Mattie Lou. Squatting on the door-plate, he had swung down upon the lever of the mail-hook as the train rolled by Mattie Lou's ladder, and he had cried almost in the girl's ear:

"Gee; but you are a peach of a girl!"

Then he had waved back at her, as the train slowly climbed the grade beyond. Since that morning Mattie Lou had been dreaming, although she knew there was little chance of realization. She told herself she was not in love with the mail clerk, but it was nice to think of him as a sweetheart.

Once he had dropped at her feet by the railroad track a large box of candy. Mattie Lou had never tasted any candy that had been half so delicious. The second day following this she had tied a bouquet of mountain wild flowers to the mail sack which she hung on the arm. And this time the mail clerk had leaned his hand towards Mattie Lou, as the train climbed the grade; and his eyes had seemed to be laughing with unusual happiness. At another time he had dropped off a whole box of oranges, with a card attached.

"To Miss Postmistress," the card had said, "from Joe Perry, the mail clerk."

The train on which he made his return trip always went down at midnight, so Mattie Lou never had seen him, except on a moving train. His days up the road were Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and on Friday, Mattie Lou had done her hair after a most bewitching fashion, and had tied a ribbon about her neck. Also, she had gathered a large bouquet of the wholesome wild flowers from the mountainside, and had tied them to the mail bag. Then she had seated herself a little way up the track, so that she might see Joe Perry the moment after he had caught the flowers.

Presently the long station signal fell upon her ears, and her heart leaped for joy. Slowly the locomotive labored up the track with its train. As the mail car rounded a little curve just below the station, a head and shoulders were thrust from the doorway. Instantly Mattie Lou sprung to her feet. The man in the mail car was not Joe Perry, but a big, middle-aged man with whiskers on his face.

Like the wind Mattie Lou flew to the ladder. Scrambling quickly upward she snatched the flowers from the mail hog just as the hook caught it. With the azaleas caught to her bosom she ran back to the fallen tree trunk, where she sat down again, with her back to the track.

A moment later something happened. Two cool hands had slipped about Mattie Lou's face from behind her head, and covered her eyes. She arose with a bound, and wheeled about. When her eyes cleared from the tears she brushed away, she saw standing before her Joe Perry, with his laughing blue eyes.

"I just couldn't stand it any longer, little Wildflower; so I got a substitute for my run, and instead of the usual mail bag, I have dropped myself off here just to tell you how much I love you. In fact, I have come for you. So let's go and talk to dad about it."

Mattie Lou gazed into Joe's honest laughing eyes for a long moment; then, as the azaleas fell and were scattered about her feet, she went to his outstretched arms.

To Stain Gun Barrel

A solution for staining a gun-barrel blue can be made by dissolving 4½ ounces of hyposulphite of soda in a quart of water; also 1¼ ounces of acetate of lead in a quart of water. Mix the two together and bring to a boil in a porcelain dish or stone pot. Clean the barrel free from grease, oil or varnish, warm the barrel, and smear with the hot solution, using a piece of sponge tied to a stick. When the color develops, wash and wipe dry; finish with boiled linseed oil.

HEALTH by Dr. Sullerman

A HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

INDIGESTION

Indigestion or dyspepsia is one of the most common afflictions of the human family. It is a name which is commonly used to describe a certain group of abdominal symptoms—pain in the stomach, gas, nausea and vomiting. Headache, constipation and a feeling of depression are other symptoms which are often added to the previous group.

The causes of this condition are many. In the first place, the cause may lie outside of the abdomen altogether. In such cases, indigestion may be a symptom of general disease like tuberculosis, or again it may result from a local condition, such as eye-strain or infected head sinuses.

Other causes are abnormal conditions of abdominal organs other than the stomach itself. Disease of the gall-bladder or of the appendix may be responsible for the occurrence of the group of symptoms popularly known as indigestion.

Lastly, the cause may lie in the stomach itself. Too much or the wrong kinds of food, overindulgence in some particular food, and hurried eating are but some of the common dietetic causes which directly affect the stomach and incite it to rebel.

It is obvious then that no single remedy can cure all cases of indigestion. The first rule of proper treatment is to remove the cause. When there are so many possible causes, the treatment must vary from case to case, depending upon what is the cause in the particular case to be treated.

If it is found that the condition is due to faulty habits of eating, these must be corrected. Food should be eaten slowly and quietly. Those who suffer from indigestion are often the victims of hurried and worried lives. A variety of plain foods should be eaten. In general, greasy and poorly-cooked foods are difficult to digest. If constipation is present, it can be overcome by habit, diet and exercise.

It is dangerous to dose with medicines because these will not remove the cause. The condition will likely recur, and become more firmly rooted and so more difficult to correct at a later date. Again, indiscriminate dosing may mean delay in securing treatment at the only time when proper treatment can cure.

Indigestion should be looked upon as a warning that something needs attention, and the sooner proper treatment is secured, the better it is for the future welfare of the victim of indigestion.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

Mind and Body

The first rule of mental hygiene is the conservation of our physical health, says Edgar A. Doll in a Hygeia Magazine article. Some physical conditions that precede mental breakdowns are faulty nutrition, infections of the teeth and tonsils, nervous disorders and defects in the glands of internal secretion.

Indians Love Living Things

Early writers really paid little attention to how much the Indians cherished the wild flowers for their beauty, but it is known that for some reason many plants owe their extended distribution to the influence of the natives. Indians regarded all living things with deferential respect. The Indians could not endure ruthless destruction of any of the objects of nature, animate or inanimate. In a pamphlet on Indian customs, published by the University of Michigan, the writer says: "The Indians thought it improbable that hell, as described to them by the missionaries, was a place where fire burned eternally, because there would not only be a great waste of timber, but, they argued, the woods could not last that long."—Detroit Free Press.

Before They Become M. D.'s

Statutory requirements in all states provide that to practice medicine in any state a doctor must be a graduate of a reputable medical school, pass a licensing examination before a state or national board, and register annually with some officer in the county of practice. In addition, a hospital interne year is required in 14 states. The minimum requirement for admission to acceptable medical schools, in addition to the high school work, is 60 semester hours of collegiate work, exclusive of military and physical education, extending through two years of 32 weeks each, exclusive of holidays, in a college approved by the council on medical education and hospitals.

Wonderful Highway

In the construction of a piece of roadway from Eucalyptus, a station on the Autofagasta-Bolivia railroad to the Caracoles tin mines, some American engineers did a wonderful piece of work. One of them said recently upon his return to this country: "We occupied perhaps the highest road building camp in the world; it was more than three miles up in the air, or nearly 17,000 feet above sea level. Our lowest camp was only 12,000 feet altitude, or something like two miles higher than the ocean. Between these points, 70 miles apart, we constructed a modern motor road—the first of its kind in Bolivia, one of the heart-rations of South America."

ODESSA

The many friends of Clement Booth will be sorry to learn that he is very ill in the hospital in Peterboro. For some time Mr. Booth, who was a former resident of this village, has been making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Edward Chalmers, in the Lift Lock City.

Considerable improvements have been made to numerous residences in the village the past few weeks, in the way of re-painting and re-decorating. Among the residences which have recently been improved are those of J. A. Bell, B. L. King and Miss Sproule, all on Ferguson Avenue.

The many friends of Mrs. Marcus Fraser were sorry to learn of her serious illness.

Mrs. Leo Crowe, past president of the Odessa Institute, Mrs. Courtland Snider, Mrs. Cordick and Miss Willanna Clarke, secretary, attended the district annual, which was held in Napanee on Tuesday last.

Miss Mona Hagerman, whose home is east of Odessa, was taken to the Kingston General Hospital, where she will undergo treatment.

The work on the new hall is progressing nicely and at present, the carpenters are laying the first flooring on which will be the hardwood flooring. Plans are being made for a driveway at the north and south sides of the hall, and it is expected that at the rear of the hall there will be enough parking space for at least twenty-five cars.

Charles Cairns, who has caught in many a baseball game, played an exceptional part in the tilt between Belleville Victorias and the Gibbard Athletics in Napanee on Wednesday afternoon. Charlie is with the "A" team and his throwing from the home plate to second base was about perfect. Cairns will make a valuable asset to the Gibbard team.

The funeral of the late Mrs. James Johnson, who passed away at her home in Watertown, N.Y., passed through the village on Saturday, and proceeded to the Wilton cemetery, where the interment took place. The deceased was a native of Odessa, where she spent her earlier years, and was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. David Fuller. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson resided in Odessa for many years before going to Watertown, where they had been residents for a long period of years.

Archie Babcock and daughter, Miss Kathleen Babcock, Miss Waddell, and Mr. Beaman of Manotick, were recent guests of Mr. Babcock's brother, Mr. Orange Babcock, and Mrs. Babcock.

Dr. Grant Fraser of Madoc spent the week-end with his father, Marcus Fraser and Mrs. Fraser.

Judge George E. Deroche of Belleville, spent Wednesday with his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith and Mrs. W. C. Jenkins.

Mr. and Mrs. John Graham accompanied the remains of the late Mrs. Johnson from Watertown, N.Y., and while in the village visited with Mr. Graham's mother, Mrs. T. C. Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Smith spent the week-end with friends in Bancroft.

Mrs. Bedford accompanied Miss Leah Aylsworth to Napanee during the week-end and was the guest of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Aylsworth.

Mrs. John Schermehorn is visiting relatives and friends in Oshawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Fraser have returned after a pleasant holiday spent with relatives and friends in Toronto and Oshawa.

Mrs. W. J. Snider and Miss Willanna Clarke were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Taylor on Wednesday.

Mrs. Karl Denyes and daughter Ruth of Dundurn, Sask., are spending a few days with the former's sister, Mrs. G. Taylor.

Mrs. Robert Hillier of Amsterdam, N.Y., is the guest of Mrs. Charlie Hillier.

Man of Great Learning but of Gross Exterior

Thomas Campbell, in a diary, described Dr. Samuel Johnson, the eminent English lexicographer and man of letters, with whom he was personally acquainted, in the following terms: "He has the aspect of an idiot, without the faintest ray of sense gleaming from any one feature—with the most awkward gait, and most ungraceful gray wig, on one side of his head; he is forever dancing the devil's jig (a reference to a nervous ailment), and sometimes he makes the most drivelling effort to whistle, one thought in his absent paroxysms." David Garrick, the great English actor who at one time lived with the Johnsons, described Mrs. Johnson as "very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance, with swelled cheeks of a florid red, produced by thick painting and increased by the liberal use of cordials; daring and fantastic in her dress and affected both in her speech and general behavior."

Franklin's Cartoon

Benjamin Franklin was the first to print a cartoon in his Pennsylvania Gazette. There were rumors of war with the French and on May 9, 1754, Franklin published an "advice" for Major Washington that the fort in the forks of the Monongehela had been surrendered to the French. To this he added a cartoon representing a snake cut into eight parts, the head representing New England and the seven parts New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. This cartoon was widely copied by other newspapers at the time.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA

The schools are closing and now comes the question—what are the children to do in the summer to make all the better in mind and body for their holiday season? Happy are the country children who have light work and plenty of fresh air, soft ball and tennis for the older girls and boys, and baseball in the evenings. There is if a lake or river is near at hand, the opportunity of learning to swim and dive, boating and fishing. But town boys and girls do not have so many amusements that are health-giving. There are games and swimming, etc., but many town houses are hot and airless. Fortunate folk go to cottages and camps but how many, many people are there who do not have these outings? What can we do for the little children and the older ones. In many places, the civic authorities have thought that the playgrounds add too much expense, larger than usual in towns and cities, because of the many people upon relief. We do not at all criticize this attitude on the part of city and town councils, they have, even with the aid given by the governments which took care of two thirds of the money spent on relief, had a heavy burden to bear, but surely the women can think of some way that the little ones who frequented these playgrounds can have some hours daily of supervised play in the sunshine and air? It is not so necessary to have swings, etc., a sand pile does not cost much and there must be in every community responsible girls and women who would give perhaps a day a week to mind the children for a morning or afternoon in some parks and pleasant places which could be used with little or no expense. If the equipment is at hand, why not use it? Then there are the larger girls and boys. Girl Guides and Canadian Girls in Training, Scouts and other groups for boys. From the larger cities there are fresh air camps for the little ones where there is a welcome also. We have visited many of these groups when in camp both in Canada and the United States and have found that the mixture of work and play gives a zest to camp life. Never was a saying more true than the old one, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but it is also true that all play and no work makes Jack even still more dull. The pleasant duties of a camp, the competition in the various crafts which are taught and in the sports make the months spent at a well-run camp well worthwhile. Perhaps months are impossible, but even a few weeks help to teach the boys and girls how to enjoy life in the open and how to benefit from it. Let us do all we can to make an opportunity for the young of our community so that the holiday will be of benefit both to their minds and bodies.

* * * *

We have in Eastern Ontario most beautiful lakes and rivers that lie in the counties of Leeds, Frontenac and Lennox and Addington to say nothing of the glorious scenery of North Hastings. From the United States come fishermen who spend long summer days on our lakes, sometimes with their families, and sometimes with parties of men. Go where you will, you will find that our neighbors appreciate our advantages more than we do ourselves. Now we are glad that they do so, but there is plenty of room and we do sometimes wonder when motoring through the lake district of any of the counties mentions, why so few Canadians even know of the beauties just at their door. Last week we motored with two Toronto women, who spend part of each summer in Muskoka, through part of the Frontenac and Leeds lake district. It was all a revelation to them. They had come eastward along the highway and never dreamed that a few miles inland they could see deep woods, where rare flowers grew and where birds, certainly rarely seen on the highway, flew across the road. They were women who loved and loved such things. They loved the island dotted lakes, such as Devil Lake, where both American and Canadians spend the summer out of doors in a region of beauty. "Why, it is quite as beautiful as Muskoka and not nearly so crowded," said one, and the other asked if there were small hotels or comfortable farm homes, where board and rooms could be had at reasonable rates. They motored back home and were going to turn aside from the highway to see other beauties in other counties.

* * * *

We have often wondered that more women have not tried to supplement their very slender means by making homemadebread, buns and cakes. We know of a good place on the market in the town in which we live where a bright young woman can be found on Saturday with all the nicest home cooking for sale. She comes from the country and everything she has on her table is so fresh and clean, she herself is neatly and prettily dressed, not in a frock and hat which one would wear to an afternoon tea, but in a clean print or linen frock in the summer, just such a frock which her customers are likely to wear. This is a good idea and you have to be early to get Mrs. ——'s bread. But some of us would like these home cooked dainties on other days and we wonder why the various places opened in towns are so often unsuccessful. Is it because the price is too high? Sometimes it is. Then again it would seem better to order what is required ahead by telephone. There would be less waste in this way and if a housekeeper knew that she could get a salad, bread, cakes, pies, a potted tongue, cream cheese for sandwiches by phoning the day before, she would, if satisfied with her first purchases, get the habit of ringing up the same number when she wanted something extra for her family or her guests.

* * * *

If you are making up the small fruits in your home or for the various societies that give out jam to be used instead of butter on the bread given out by relief boards, it is much, much better to use more sugar, ever, at its present price. Real pound to pound jam costs more, but it is sure to keep, it goes twice as far and is considered by most people to be twice as nice. The later fruits, peaches, pears and even plums do up well with much less sugar. Plum jam, however, is an excellent spreader. Cherries will soon be here. They should be stoned and all the juice that is in the vessel into which they are stoned should be thrown away. It is that juice which contains the acid which almost chokes you. ¾ or ⅞ lb. of sugar is enough for cherries.

OBITUARIES

H. W. HUFFMAN

The many Napanee friends of the late H. W. Huffman were very sorry to learn of his death which took place in the Kingston general hospital in the early hours of Tuesday morning.

During his long illness, which has extended over a period of nearly a year, he was visited at his home and at the hospital by many of his friends in Napanee, and they always found him very cheerful.

Born at Moscow, the son of Wilfred Huffman, and the late Mrs. Huffman, deceased spent most of his home district, and after leaving home he entered the employ of the former Merchants' Bank, and remained with the bank until it was taken over by the Bank of Montreal. At the time of the absorption the deceased was in the local branch, and continued with the Bank of Montreal for some time. Leaving the banking business, Mr. Huffman was for a time bookkeeper for the paper mills at Strathcona, after which he opened up a grocery store, which was superceded by the A. & P. Branch.

After retiring from business here Mr. and Mrs. Huffman and family later left for Kingston, and the former secured a position with the Rogers Company with whom he remained until illness necessitated his resignation.

He had been ill since last September and for the past few months had been a patient sufferer in the hospital.

He was a very enthusiastic bowler and curler, and in the heighday of bowling in Napanee was one of the most prominent members. Curling, however, was his favorite sport, and during his many years residence in Napanee played in many tournaments. After going to Kingston he joined the bowling and curling clubs of that city.

In fraternal circles he was a member of Rameses Shrine, Toronto, a member of Napanee Lodge No. 9, A. F. & A. M., Napanee, a member of Argyll Lodge No. 212, I.O.O.F., Napanee, and a charter member of Napanee Chapter No. 151, O.E.S., Napanee. For one year he was the Associate Patron.

His mother passed away in the year 1919.

"Huffy," as he was known to his friends, had a charming personality and made friends wherever he went.

Besides his widow, who before her marriage was Miss Violet Galbraith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Galbraith, of Varty Lake, he leaves to mourn his loss a family of three, Leonard, Betty and Ruth; his father, who resides in Moscow; and two brothers, Luverne, of Moscow, and Kenneth, of Napanee.

The funeral will be in charge of Union Lodge, No. 9, and will take place at the Masonic Temple, Kingston, at 1.30 p.m., Thursday afternoon, and will be conducted by Rev. Thos. Green, of Queen Street United Church.

Interment will take place at the Moscow cemetery.

MISS ANNIE McCALLUM

The death occurred on Sunday of a lifelong and highly esteemed resident of Napanee in the person of Miss Annie McCallum, after the funeral service, which was held this afternoon, from the residence of her sister, Mrs. Byron Pennell, Dundas St., was attended by many friends and was conducted by her minister, Rev. A. J. Wilson, of St. Andrew's United Church, of which she was a faithful member.

The deceased has been in poor health for the past three years. A daughter of William and Margaret McCallum, she deceased was born in Napanee and of a family of eight, three survive: Mrs. Dafoe, of Montreal; Mrs. Byron Pennell, and Miss Margaret McCallum, of Napanee.

Famous Mural Decorations

The Boston public library has many unusually beautiful mural decorations. John Sargent, Edwin Abbey and John Elliott were among the American painters of distinction who were invited to decorate this building. The celebrated French artist Puvis de Chevannes collaborated with them. Sargent contributed "The Frieze of the Prophets." The widow of John Elliott in her recently published biography of her husband tells in detail of his work, which is on permanent exhibition in the building. Edwin Abbey chose for his theme the "Quest of the Holy Grail." His murals are in the delivery room of the library.

PERSONALS

The Misses Jean and Myrtle Russell, of the staff of the Canadian Department Stores, were in Toronto last week.

Mr. Clayton Ungar who has been spending the past three weeks in town with his mother, also his brother, E. O. Ungar, returned to return to Saskatchewan on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Huffman were in Kingston on Thursday night and again on Friday night and visited with his brother, H. W. Huffman, at the General hospital.

Mr. F. W. Barrett was taken to Kingston General Hospital on Monday evening and underwent an operation for gall stones. He is progressing favorably.

Harry Clancy, of the Tamblyn Drug Company, Toronto, returned to his duties on Sunday after spending the past two weeks with his mother, Mrs. Henry Clancy, and his sister, Mrs. Raymond Moore, South Napanee.

D. J. Mayhew, accompanied by his father and some friends from Colborne, also W. H. Milling and Frank P. Smith spent a two days' fishing trip at Gull Lake last week.

Mrs. Duncan Thompson, of Toronto, spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Oliver Cook.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Eppes, Mrs. Geo. J. Tustin, Mr. Harry Williams and Master Peter Orpwood motored to Bath on Thursday afternoon and attended the afternoon tea which was held at the rectory under the auspices of the congregation of St. John's Anglican Church.

Mr. Frank Correll, manager of the Canadian Department Stores, was in Toronto last week on business.

Miss Jas. Dotsdnd, of Kingston, was renewing acquaintances in town on Thursday.

Mrs. C. D. Black and daughter Elizabeth, of Kingston, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright Hawley.

Mr. and Mrs. Shutran and two sons of Detroit and Mr. Bowery of Toronto, were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Santer. Mr. and Mrs. Shutran and daughter son returned home on Sunday night, while Mr. Bowreyand the elder Shutran son left for Arden, where they will spend two weeks camping. Mr. and Mrs. Santer accompanied them to Arden, returning home on Sunday evening.

Ernest Degroff, of Shannonville, spent the week-end at his home.

Mrs. G. F. Ruttan, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. A. T. Harshaw, Piety Hill.

Mr. Douglas Doller, Toronto, was in Napanee on Thursday.

The many friends of P. U. Laidlev will be pleased to learn that he is getting along splendidly at the Kingston General Hospital, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.

G. E. Gibbard was in Toronto on Thursday evening attending a meeting of the O.B.A.A. executive of which he is a member. Mr. Gibbard left Sunday for Chicago where he will attend an important furniture exhibit.

Mr. M. B. Judson was in Toronto on Saturday attending the wedding of his nephew, Dr. George Nash, and Miss Margaret Mary Nixon which was solemnized in Trinity College Chappel.

His son, William Judson, of Brockville, who was the best man, and Jack Judson, also of Brockville, who was one of the ushers, spent a short time in Napanee on their return.

Miss Marion Wales, of the Collegiate staff, North Bay, and Miss Alma Wales, of the Collegiate staff, Collingwood, arrived home during the week-end to spend the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wales.

Messrs. J. W. Thompson and W. A. Thompson were callers at the General hospital on Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Elliott VanAlstyne, of Chicago, are visiting friends in Napanee.

DEATHS

BUTLER—At Sydney, N.S., Thursday, June 22nd, 1933, M. J. Butler, aged 76 years.

FRASER—At Ernestown, on Thursday, June 22nd, 1933, Emily L. Fraser, aged 70 years, 4 months.

KAYLOR—At North Fredericksburgh on Tuesday, June 20th, 1933, Agnes Louise Kaylor, aged 81 years.

MOYLE—At Napanee, on Sunday, June 25th, 1933, Susan M. Moyle, aged 84 years.

McCALLUM—At Napanee, on Sunday, June 25th, 1933, Annie E. McCallum.

Queen Not Favorably Impressed by Carlyle

"The human hand is not wanting in the letters and journals of Queen Victoria, who was a woman of much independence of spirit and clarity of thought, writes Dora Kitt, in the Victoria (B. C.) Colonist. "Thus, in 1869, we learn that she went to the deanery of Westminster to meet certain writers of renown, among them Mr. Carlyle, the historian, a strange-looking, eccentric old Scotsman, who holds forth in a drawling, melancholy voice with a broad Scotch accent, upon Scotland and upon the utter degeneration of everything. Sir C. and Lady Lyell, he an old acquaintance, most agreeable, and she very pleasing, and Mr. Browning, the poet, a very agreeable man. It was at first very shy work speaking to them, but afterwards when tea was being drunk they were very agreeable and talked very entertainingly."

MRS. MARCUS FRASER OF ERNESTOWN PASSES

The high regard which the late Mrs. Marcus Fraser was held in the Township of Ernestown, and particularly in the district around Odessa was evidenced on Saturday afternoon, when many friends gathered at her late residence for the funeral service.

The home was far too inadequate to accommodate those who desired to enter, and a very fitting sermon, eulogistic in character, was delivered by Rev. Dr. Fletcher of the Odessa United Church. The casket was banked with beautiful floral tributes, and the pallbearers were selected from life-long friends and neighbors. Interment took place in Cataraqui cemetery.

Mrs. Fraser, before her marriage, was Miss Emily Lucas, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Lucas. She was born in the Township of Ernestown, and her seventy years had been spent within five miles of the home where she was born. A woman of charming personality, she made loads of friends wherever she went, and her death occasioned widespread regret in the Odessa district. The deceased had been in failing health for some time, and had been tenderly cared for by her niece, Miss Lucas, of Ottawa. She was twice married, her first husband having been R. W. Aylsworth.

A member of the Methodist (now United) church since childhood she took an exceptional interest in the work of the church, and it was with great reluctancy that she had to give up the active duties owing to failing health.

Of the six children born to Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, her death marks the third, two sisters having previously passed away. Besides her husband, she leaves three brothers, J. H. Lucas, of Napanee; D. N. Lucas, of Selby; and Geo. Lucas, who resides at the old homestead where his grandfather settled over one hundred years ago. There are two step-children, Dr. Fraser, of Madoc, and Mrs. (Dr.) Parrott, of Midland.

Among the many who were present at the funeral were: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lucas, M. R. Reid, public school inspector, and Mrs. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Sills, Miss Asselstine and W. P. Deroche, all of Napanee. Several friends of Mrs. Nixon, residing in Ottawa, were also present.

NASH—DIXON

Trinity College Chapel, Toronto, was the scene on Saturday afternoon of a pretty wedding, when Margaret Mary, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dixon of Richmond Hill, and niece of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Mason, Toronto, was united in marriage with Dr. George Percival Nash, son of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Nash, of Kingston.

Canon Hedley officiated and the chapel was decorated with masses of fragrant summer flowers for the occasion. Mr. Albert E. Clark presided at the organ and during the signing of the register Miss Marguerite Thomas sang "Because." Choir boys from St. Thomas' church led the wedding procession.

The bride who entered the church on the arm of her uncle, Mr. Alfred Mason, wore a white lace frock on long, fitted lines with high neck and long sleeves which were fitted to the elbow and flared widely above. From her moulded cap of orange blossom fell a double veil of tulle falling over frock and train and she carried a bouquet of calla lillies.

Four attendants, dressed alike, preceded her up the aisle, Miss Jean Fraser, maid of honor, Miss Betty Coulthard, Miss Grace Hyneman and Miss Nina Macks, bridesmaids. Their gowns of organdie lace were made on moulded lines with jackets which had fully puffed sleeves, fitted below the elbow and formed of meeting points. Sashes of French blue taffeta girdled the dresses and fell in cascading bustles at the back. Their hats were of starched lace in matching shade trimmed with little bows at the sides and they carried bouquets of butterfly roses and cornflowers.

Mr. William Judson, of Brockville, supported the groom as best man and the ushers were Mr. John Judson of Brockville; Dr. Reginald Empey, of Hamilton; and Dr. Wilfred Christie.

After a week in Muskoka the bride and groom will sail on the Duchess of Richmond for Edinburgh, Scotland, where Dr. Nash will take a post graduate course.

For travelling the bride wore a skipper-blue strictly tailored suit with white scarf, hat and accessories.

Good Men Never Despair

But he who consecrates himself sees at once how God may sanctify the world; he will not despair of in the memory of moral victories will not easily believe the world a scene of moral defeats; nor was it ever known that one, who, like Paul labored for the good of man, despaired of the benevolence of God.—James Martineau.

Mutton Birds Estimate Time

From Sydney, Australia, comes word that the mutton birds, (sooty-tailed petrels) which vacation at Phillip Island, Victoria, have a remarkable sense of time and year after year residents of the island await their annual migration from Siberia expectantly and each time the birds put in their appearance on the same day.

Mole Eats Every Three Hours

The mole does not limit itself to three squares a day, but is ceaselessly hunting food. It is said that this animal cannot endure hunger for more than three hours at a stretch and that no other animal is more intolerant of thirst.

AWAKENED WOMAN

By ELINOR BARRY

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AUTOCASTER SERVICE-NEA

Ninth Installment

The Story so far: Joyce Ashton, poor stenographer, in a skidding taxicab accident in Chicago, suffered loss of memory. Two years later she woke one morning after a fall from her horse to find herself, under the name of Frills, married to Neil Packard, rich California fruit grower. From letters in her desk she learned something about her life in the two-year interval, and realized that she had been a heartless, reckless young woman and that she had seriously involved in an affair with a man named MATTHEW. She decided that at all costs she would end it, but she found Maitland hard to manage. Her troubles were further complicated when she read a letter referring to a baby—was it hers?—that the writer, Sophie, thought Frills ought to have with her. Much to the surprise of Sam, in her husband's employ, she asked for a dog and he got her one.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Shortly after ten o'clock Sam brought the car to the front door and stowed away her two suitcases.

The bank teller at the bank greeted her with friendly smile. "Good morning, Mrs. Packard. Say, that was some little tumble you took. How do you feel after it?"

"Oh, I'm all right," replied Joyce hastily. She pushed her check in at him and stood on tiptoe with breathless impatience while he deliberately counted out the money. Then she seized it, thanked him abruptly and almost ran out to the car again.

When they were well out of the town, humming swiftly along the smooth roads, Joyce felt her nervous fear evaporate under the stimulus of an irresistibly mounting spirit of adventure. This was going to be fun, she reflected happily.

They reached San Francisco about noon and Joyce parted from Sam with mingled feelings of relief and regret. As soon as she was installed in a clean little room at the big Y. W. C. A. building she proceeded immediately to carry out her plan of action.

The days passed rapidly. In the morning's Joyce went out for her instructions in driving a car. In these drives, much to her surprise, she had little trouble in learning to handle a machine.

She spent the afternoons riding in beautiful Golden Gate park. Her first timidity vanishing very quickly, she made gratifying progress and every day looked forward to her ride with greater pleasure.

She worried at him, frankly curious.

One day she overheard some girls in the Y. W. cafeteria talking about the Chinese restaurants, and, her interest aroused, she set out to explore these exotic places.

One evening she went there for dinner, pleasantly weary after a day of riding and driving the car.

Dreamy and contented, she presently wandered out of the restaurant, to realize a moment later that she had left her book on the table. She retraced her steps.

A man was sitting at the table she had occupied, and she could not for him to find that he had picked up her book.

"I say, is this yours?" He was on his feet in an instant. "I owe you an apology. I want to talk to you about it. This is really very extraordinary——"

Joyce sat down, her embarrassment vanished. She felt at home with this man, as if she already knew him well enough to be casual about the meeting. Why should she feel that way, as if she'd never seen before? He grinned at her with such informal friendliness that Joyce thought he was surely, at least a friend of Frills Packard. And yet—and yet—he was so unlike the Manzanita men! She stared at him, frankly curious.

He was much taller and looked almost as young as Neil. She guessed his age as about thirty—perhaps a little more. His physique undoubtedly, with wide shoulders and strong arms. As for his face, the details of it escaped them selves on Joyce so strongly in the first few minutes of their meeting that she felt she would never forget the picture.

"I'm afraid I'm not altruistic enough to give the book to you" laughed Joyce, "Robert Ainsworth is one of my favorite authors, and I've wanted to get hold of this book for years, but never could. It's out of print, you know——"

The Chinese waiters, subtly smiling, approached. "Some tea?" she asked.

Joyce rose hastily. "No, no, I must go——"

"Then I'll go with you," he said at once, investing a bill in the change on the little Chinese girl, and following Joyce, who was a little bewildered but glowing with pleasure.

They walked for over an hour, and Joyce discovered that her new friend had read nearly every book that had been written, and that his enthusiasms were largely hers. He agreed eagerly with her opinions of Robert Ainsworth, whom, he said, he "revered above all other moderns." He praised Ainsworth so lavishly in fact, that Joyce had a sudden sense that he was making fun of her, and for the first time she felt a slight hostility toward him. She could not bear her admiration for Ainsworth, whom she considered so gifted a writer.

Hastily getting her bearings, she discovered that they had gone in a circle and were again near the Y. W. C. A., and she therefore led their steps in that direction.

"Good-bye," she said "and it's been great fun talking with you. I'm only sorry you don't—quite—feel as I do about Robert Ainsworth. Under the circumstances, I shall have no compunctions about keeping her book!"

"Oh, but I do share your enthusiasm!" He bowed somewhat mockingly, and held up the book. "But you will let me sign the little sketch?" He opened the book up on his knee, and wrote in it, slowly, meticulously; waved it about with maddening deliberation to blot the ink; then handed it to her, closed.

"Good-bye, Miss ——?"

"Joyce Ashton," she said without thought.

He raised his hat and was gone.

Joyce was frankly disappointed. "He might have said he's like to see me again," she thought, then added, "But oh dear, I've no right to go about being charmed by strange men. Why, oh why, did I have to meet so vital and intelligent a man—it'll only make life harder for me!"

She opened the book, too upset in her thoughts at first to grasp what she saw.

Beneath the sketch was written, in an exceedingly beautiful handwriting, "Robert Ainsworth!"

* * *

It was inevitable that Joyce should think a great deal about Robert Ainsworth in the days that followed. She was an emotional girl, of warm, staunch enthusiasms and Robert Ainsworth won her unbounded admiration.

That she should ever meet him had not entered her wildest dreams. In fact, had she been introduced to him, she would have been tongue-tied, covered with the confusion of awe. Even looking back on their conversation, she blushed to think how boldly she had advanced her opinions before him! At the same time, she felt a thrill of realization that she had been absolutely herself, and that he had regarded her as at least intelligent enough to talk to.

It had been such a relief to shed the mantle of Frills Packard and discuss with frankness the things that she, Joyce Ashton, was interested in, that she knew she had been unusually vivacious and lacking in shyness. Apparently, Ainsworth had been surely, not more than casually interested. He had left her without protest, and he had made no effort to see her again. He had not despised her intelligence, but he had been indifferent to her femininity! All at once Joyce found this somewhat bitter.

Days went by and Joyce drifted on until one day she drew her thoughts up sharply. She had allowed herself to grow forgetful of her situation, to visualize Frills Packard as a separate person, and to consider herself as detached from Neil and Mait and the whole life in Manzanita. Little as she had grown used to it, Frills was herself! Frills' husband was *her* husband!

Neil Packard: her husband. Neil, whom she had so flore than barely spoken to, but on whom, by custom, he had been so lavishly living: here was problem enough to occupy her. More and more the subject of his return grew on her as a formidable reality.

Joyce had time during these two weeks to wonder about the friends she had left in the East. Did they ever think about her? She had been secretary to the management of the Lyman-Warde firm of advertising agents. Mr. John K. Lyman was an elderly, impersonal gentlemen who had never appeared to recognize the fact that she might have a life outside of the office. At the end of three years of this sort of existence Joyce was deathly sick of the city and the monotonous routine of her days, from the early morning crowding of the car lines in the morning to the evening crush in the crowded, stuffy trolley cars.

Joyce had made a sudden desperate decision to get out of it all and try some other part of the country. Recklessly she gave up her position, sold her few Liberty Bonds, bought a ticket for San Francisco with stop-over privileges at Chicago and Denver, said good-bye to her friends, and started out for the West of which she was half, to be frank, only the vaguest general knowledge.

As she lay in her bed in the Y. W. C. A., Joyce smiled and frowned alternately at the thought of how her plan had turned out.

Thirteen days after she had left Manzanita, Joyce received the word that ended her solitary campaign to fit herself for taking the position of Frills Packard again. The morning mail enclosed a laconic telegram from Neil: "Arrive Manzanita Mondey evening." This was Monday morning. Joyce immediately got Sam on long distance and asked him to drive to the city for her.

On the way home she questioned him with forced interest about all that had happened in her absence. Sam obligingly imparted what news he could think up; Dickie had won the love of both Roxie and Marcia; Rosita was in fine condition; Sam had exercised her a little every day but she was r'aring to go and Mrs. Packard would find her full of pep; there had been a small fire at the packing plant but almost no damage had been done; and so on, a list of trivial items to which Joyce listened with an interest that grew in spite of herself.

Dickie was at the gate to meet them and his joyous welcome filled Joyce with a quite disproportionate sense of the pleasure of coming home. But when she entered the big luxurious bedroom she was struck for the first time by the flattering realization that Roxie she would be unable to flee to it for refuge and escape.

She unpacked hurriedly and had a bath, careful to take a negligee in with her and to lock the bathroom door. It was horrible to feel that at any moment a strange man might enter that bedroom, and that she could not order him out! Suppose he came before she finished dressing! In a panic she jumped out of the bathtub and dried herself hastily.

She dressed in the huge closet, thankful that its size made this possible, and was completely ready before seventhirty.

Dickie followed her downstairs and they went through the front door together. Just as they stepped outside a big blue touring car came up the driveway. Joyce felt a curious tightening in her throat as she recognized Neil Packard.

"Hullo there, darling, how've you been?" he cried Packard, jumping out of the car. "I was hoping you'd write again. It was great to get that letter from you." He came up with a broad, eager smile on his face and bent over her. Joyce forced herself to lift her face obediently for his kiss, but moved away hastily to prevent a second.

"You were lucky to get even one," she said lightly, but her heart thumped so hard it made her breath come short. "Look, who's here! Dickie, speak to the gent!"

"So that's your new dog, is it? Hullo, fellow, you're a cute cuss, all right. Come here, boy!" Dickie was quite ready to make friends, for he appeared to regard every man in the light of a potential playmate. He began now a little eager whining interspersed with short barks.

"That means he wants you to throw a stick for him," she explained, "he has one great passion in life, and that's to be given something to worry and run after and play tug-of-war with."

Her voice faltered a little at the end when she looked up and met the puzzled expression on Packard's face.

"Dinner's almost ready," she went on hastily, abandoning Dickie as a topic of conversation, "you haven't had any, have you?"

"No, and I'm hungry as a bear. Hope Marcia's got something good for us. Who's here tonight?"

Continued Next Week

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

"If you did I give you my word of honor I couldn't tell you. I only wish I knew."

There was silence between them for a moment, then the painter broke out with the air of one who takes a resolution:

"See here, Kent: You're a sort of detective, aren't you?"

"I've been accused so."

"And you like my picture of 'The Rough Rider?'"

"Five hundred dollars' worth."

"You can have that and any other picture in my studio except this one," he indicated the canvas with the face. "If you'll find out for me who she is."

"That might be done. We shall see. But frankly, Sedgwick, there's a matter of more importance"—

"Importance? Good heavens, man! There's nothing so important in this world!"

"Oh, is it as bad as that?"

A heavy knock sounded from below, followed by the Chinaman's voice interrumigled with boyish accents demanding Sedgwick in the name of a telegraph company.

"Send him up!" ordered Sedgwick. and the boy arrived, but not before Kent had quietly removed "The Rough Rider" from its place of exhibit.

"Special from the village," announced young Mercury. "Sign here."

After the signature had been duly set down and the signer had read the message with knit brows, the urchin lingered, big with news.

"Say, heard about the body on the beach?"

Kent turned quickly to see Sedgwick's face. It was interested, but unmoved as he replied:

"No. Where was it found?"

"Lonesome Cove. Woman. Dressed swell. Washed up on a grating last night or this morning."

"It's curious how they all come in here, isn't it?" said the artist to Kent. "This is the third this summer."

"And it's a corker, in" said the boy.

"Sheriff's on the case. Body was all cleaned up, they say."

"I'm sure they need you at the office to help circulate the news, my son," said Kent. "And I'll bet you this quarter, payable in advance, that you can't get back in half an hour on your wheel."

With a grin the boy took the coin. "I got yer," he said and was off.

CHAPTER III.
A Strange Meeting.

"AND now, Sedgwick," said Kent decisively, "if I'm to help you suppose you tell me all that you know about the woman who called on you last evening?"

"Last evening? Ah, that wasn't the girl of the picture! It's an interminable six days since I've seen her."

"No; I know it wasn't she, having seen your picture, and since then your visitor of last night. The question is, Who was it?"

"Wait! How did you know that a woman came here last night?"

"From common gossip."

"And where have you seen her since?"

"On the beach at Lonesome Cove."

"Lonesome Cove." repeated Sedgwick mechanically; then with a startled glance, "Not the dead woman!"

Kent nodded, watching him closely. For a space of four heartbeats—one very slow and three very quick—there was silence between them. Kent broke it.

"Do you see now the wisdom of frankness?"

"You mean that I shall be accused of having a hand in her death?"

"Strongly suspected, at least."

"On what basis?"

"You are the last person known to have seen her alive."

"Surely that isn't enough?"

"Not of itself. There's a bruise back of your right ear."

Involuntarily Sedgwick's hand went to the spot.

"Who gave it to you?" pursued Kent.

"You know it all without my telling you," cried Sedgwick: "but I never saw the woman before in my life, Kent—I give you my word of honor.

She came and went, but who she is or why she came or where she went I have no more idea than you have—perhaps not nearly so much."

"There you are wrong. I'm depending on you to tell me about her."

"Not if my life hung on it. And how could her being found drowned on the beach be connected with me?"

"I didn't say that she was found drowned on the beach."

"You did no; pardon me; it was the messenger boy. But you said that her body was found in Lonesome Cove."

"That is quite a different matter."

"She wasn't drowned?"

"I should be very much surprised if the autopsy showed any water in the lungs."

"But the boy said that the body was lashed to a grating, and there were chains on it—is that true?"

"It was lashed to a grating and man acled."

"Manacled? What a ghastly mystery!" Sedgwick dropped his chin in meditation. "If she wasn't drowned then she was murdered and thrown overboard from a boat—is that it?"

"Approximately."

"I'll be hanged if you tell me one thing and refuse to tell me another. You can give no clew whatsoever to the identity of your yesterday's visitor?"

There was the slightest possible hesitation before the artist replied, "None at all."

"If I find it difficult to believe that what will the villagers think of it when Elder Dennett returns from Canystown and tells his story, as he is sure to do?"

"Does Bennett know the woman?"

"No; but it isn't his fault that he doesn't. Dickie did his best in the interviewing line when he met her on her way to your place."

"She wasn't on her way to my place," objected Sedgwick.

"Dennett got the notion that she was. He hid behind a bush and watched."

"Did he overhear our conversation?"

"He was too far away. He saw the attack on you. Now, just fit together these significant bits of fact. The body of a woman, dead by violence, is found on the beach not far from here. The last person, as far as is known, to have seen her alive is yourself. She called on you, and there was a colloquy, apparently friendly, between you, culminating in the assault upon you. She hurried away. One might well guess that later you followed her to her death."

"I did follow her," said Sedgwick in a low tone.

"For what purpose?"

"To find out who she was."

"Which you didn't succeed in doing?"

"She was a mere quick for me. The blow of the rock had made me giddy, and she got away among the thickets.'

"That's a pity. One more point of suspicion. Dennett, you say, saw your picture, 'The Rough Rider.' He will tell every one about it, you may be sure."

"What of it?"

"The strange coincidence of the subject and the apparent manner of the unknown's death."

(To be Continued)

Before They Become M. D.'s

Statutory requirements in all states provide that the practice medicine in any state a doctor must be a graduate of a reputable medical school, pass a licensing examination before a state or national board, and register annually with some officer in the county of practice. In addition, a hospital interne year is required in 14 states. The minimum requirement for admission to acceptable medical schools, in addition to the high school work, is 60 semester hours of collegiate work, exclusive of military and physical education, extending through two years of 32 weeks each, exclusive of holidays, in a college approved by the council on medical education and hospitals.

Wonderful Highway

In the construction of a piece of roadway from Eucalyptus, a station on the Autofagasta-Bolivia railroad to the Chuquicamata mines, some American engineers did a wonderful piece of work. One of them said recently upon his return to this country: "We occupied perhaps the highest road building camp in the world; it was more than three miles up in the air, or nearly 17,000 feet above sea level. Our lowest camp was only 12,000 feet below, or something like two miles higher than the ocean. Between these points, 70 miles apart, we constructed a modern motor road—the first of its kind in Bolivia, one of the heart-nations of South America."

Political Parties

Major and minor political parties that have originated in the United States and those usually listed are as follows: Republican, Democrat, Prohibition, Nationals, National Peoples, Socialists-Labor, Silver, Anti-Masonic, Anti-Federal, Anti-Monopoly, Equal Rights, Farmers' Alliance, American (Know Nothing), Abolition, Constitutional Union, Industrial, Independents, Liberty League, Labor Reform, Liberty Abolitionists, Greenback, Silver Republican, Social Democrats, Union Reform, Union Labor, United Labor, Whigs, Liberalists, Federalists, Free-Soil, Farmer-Labor and Jobless.

Pacific Salmon

Unlike the Atlantic coast salmon which spawn several times, the Pacific salmon spawn but once and die immediately thereafter at the river spawning ground. All the five varieties of Pacific salmon are members of the one family (Oncorhynchus) but show interesting differences in length of natural life span. The pink lives only two years; the coho, three; the chum, four; the sockeye, four to five, and the spring, six or seven.

Found the Natural Way Out

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

MARY MARDEN nibbled her pencil as persistently as the young lambs nibble the first succulent grass on the hillside in spring.

Her story, the one she must get out before the end of the week, or have the wrath of the big editor down on her fair head, was going along smoothly and excitingly and Mary had great hopes for it.

As a matter of fact, she hoped it would prove one of her best. She had signed a contract with one of the stories to one very large publisher, and she wanted to produce only her best, since they appreciated her stories to such an extent as to sign her up from all other publishers.

So Mary nibbled away most of her pencil in her effort.

The telephone rang at her side. "Drat!" said Mary, startled out of her splendid trend of thought. "Hello!"

"I say, Miss Marden, did you or did you not sign a contract with me to sell stories only to me?" The voice of the great editor was full of wrath.

"Unless we are both out of our senses, I most certainly did," said Mary.

"Then what do you mean by giving one of the best you've ever done to Ladies' Realm?"

"But I didn't!" expostulated Mary. "I never sold a story to that magazine in all my life."

"Well, there's one in today's issue signed Mary Marden. Better come along and have a chat about it. It's called 'The Rogue' and—"

"I didn't write it—it's not my story," almost shouted Mary, "and I'll just like who's using my name."

After an interview with her publisher Mary went forthwith to the editorial office of the Ladies' Review and of the editor-in-chief demanded knowledge of the person who was writing under her own name.

"We have not met the young lady personally," said the editor, "but—as a matter of fact, Miss Marden, one could call a copyright on a name—perhaps the young lady also bears that title lawfully. Perhaps the best thing to do would be to write a letter, which we will be glad to forward, and arrange a meeting. Perhaps you can come to some amicable arrangement—about the name."

"You're quite right," she said. "I will just put a note over to her right now. My publisher is very wroth—he quite raked me over the coals when he thought I had sold you a story."

"And I don't blame him—I wish you luck in your—you've got a mighty fine pen, Miss Marden."

Pretty much nibbled, thought Mary, and wrote her note to that other Mary asking for an interview.

She had a letter back, in which the writter suggested a meeting at a small Bohemian cafe called the Blue Rat. "I will be seated at the table in the left-hand corner as you enter and will be wearing a small nosegay of a few violets and a single red rose. If you wear the same emblem we will have no difficulty in recognizing our nameSakes."

Mary laughed when she read the letter. No doubt that other Mary was also a good writter—the letter suggested to her that she and the other Mary would perhaps find much in common.

Two evenings later Mary Marden sallied forth, daintily frocked in mauve and wearing the few violets and a single red rose that was to introduce her to the other Mary Marden.

Upon reaching the door of the Blue Rat she hesitated for the fraction of a second on the threshold. Some funny little sensation made her heart beat rapidly. There was in her a real bit of adventure in what she was doing. She half-way wished she had brought some one else along.

She smiled to herself, however, and went boldly forward. In that table in the left-hand corner was a young man with a few violets and a single red rose in his lapel. Mary blushed hotly, but it was too late to turn back without being conspicuous. Besides, the very good looking young man had arisen obviously to greet her and she took her seat opposite him as if they were very old friends. Mary hoped the other guests in the restaurant did not notice anything odd about the meeting.

"I'm Mary Marden," said the young man and laughed. "I am frightfully sorry you thought it was a lady, but I can't help that now. I've been writing under the name of Mary Marden for a good many years, out on the Far West—so what are we going to do with it?" He laughed again and Mary smiled.

"I was just—surprised," she finally said softly. "My publisher was so cross with me when he saw what he supposed was one of my stories in a rival publication."

"I'll punch his head—for being cross with you," said the other Mary in a very threatening masculine voice, "but first, before we discuss what we'll do about our names in duplicate, let's order dinner—I'm hungry, aren't you?"

And even before the dinner was half finished they both came to the conclusion that collaboration in the literary world would be a very simple and natural course to follow and that the two Marys would merge into one being—also quite naturally.

Travelers' Checks

Travelers' checks are miniature letters of credit. They are issued in amounts from $10 to $200. At almost any bank either bankers' travelers' checks or express travelers' checks can be bought. The former are issued in dollars only, and the latter in either sterling, francs, or dollars. Each check is made out for a definite amount. The buyer's signature is made when the checks are bought, and the same signature is necessary when they are spent. Travelers' checks are accepted the world over, in payment for accommodations or merchandise, and are cashable at banks.

Chicory Root Needed

Chicory root, grown in this country as a substitute for coffee, may prove to have a far greater value in the future and a value which will dwarf its present limited use for beverage purposes, says the Washington Star. Inulin, thought to be the most suitable carbohydrate for those suffering with diabetes, is the principal constituent of chicory root, and through a method devised by the Department of Agriculture the inulin can be extracted at low cost. This future use of chicory root may become decidedly an important factor in the treatment of this dreaded disease.

Record of Executioner of King Charles First

In connection with the history of King Charles the First, a letter is still in existence written by a notorious Mother Redcap, who lived in a small thatched building on rough ground leading from the Tyburn road over Crack Skull common to Hampstead, says a writer in the London Times. The legend runs that one wild night she was disturbed by a stranger at her door imploring shelter, as he was a fugitive from justice. After a stormy scene, in which he displayed plenty of money, the old woman consented to admit him. He remained with her some years, when he died. At the inquest one of the doctors declared that he knew the body to be that of the man who had been employed to decapitate King Charles I. Mr. Walter Crick writes: "I have not seen the book myself, but I am told that this story concerning the identity of King Charles I's executioner may be found, as a marginal note, in the burial register of St. Mary's, Whitechapel. This Richard Brandon received £20 for the job, which was paid in half-crowns within an hour after the execution had taken place; he took an orange-stuck with cloves and rosemary, from the king's pocket and sold the former article to a gentleman for 10s."

Gladstone Classed as "Excellent" in Debate

It is certain that Gladstone often moved the house to long and hearty laughter, and that in private life, if he was among his own family or with intimate friends, he could be exceedingly amusing, playful and full of fun. But the fact is that he was apt, whether in private or public, to be too much and too earnestly interested in the subject of conversation to be inclined to treat it jocosely or even humorously.

Lord Balfour remarked: "I remember John Morley telling me (it was his pre-Gladstonian days) that Gladstone's humor was like grinding through a horse collar. It may not have contained the raw material of good talk or good literature, but with all respect to John Morley, it was certainly excellent debating. It turned the laugh, if not the argument, against the victim."—From Lord Kilbracken's Reminiscences.

Small Ships Best Fighters

There is a common notion that large war vessels, such as cruisers armed with eight inch guns, are offensive or aggressive, while smaller vessels armed with no more than six-inch guns are defensive. As a matter of fact the most aggressive vessels during more than a hundred years have been the small vessels, according to "Social Science Abstracts," which digests articles from 4,000 periodicals. Actually, small vessels have a greater endurance than the very large vessels; furthermore, the endurance of a single vessel is not very important because a fleet is no more endurance than its smallest cruiser or destroyer."

Mixed

A farewell party was being given to one of the staff of a big store who was starting in business on his own.

The manager presided, but he was not accustomed to public speaking. Beginning his speech, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen—Our young friend is—er—about to paddle his own canoe —er—let us hope—er—he will have a level road all the way, and the—er —courage to overcome the mountains of difficulty—er—he will meet, so that he may climb to the top of the ladder—er—that others will follow in his footprints—."—London Tit-Bits.

She Was in the Marrying Mood

By M. AMES

DORA closed the door of her tiny apartment with a bang. Not that there was anyone inside to care whether the door closed gently with a soft swish, or whether it slammed lustily with a spattering of plaster.

"But it certainly makes me feel better!"

Dora had the grace to grin to herself.

"I know I'm in a temper and all because it's the only Sunday in the week and I haven't a single solitary thing to do, and I hate spring and I hate the city and I wish I were out in our pasture at home looking for Mayflowers with Harry Bell, so there!"

Three months before Dora Bennett had left her upstate home and come down to make her fortune in the city. That's the reason she had given Mr. Cooper at the store. But her real motive was to forget in the hubbub of new surroundings a certain Harry Bell whom for many years she had considered "her property."

Harry had suddenly become intrigued by the new school teacher. Not that Dora appeared to mind. Of course not. Hadn't she herself said to Harry, "Why don't you take Miss Pickwick to the dance Saturday night, and I'll stop in after we close up the store."

That's what started everything. Dora was too proud to fight, and here she was all alone in the wonderful city with a grudge against Harry and Miss Pickwick at a country "sugaring-off." It was just too bad about her. That is why she slammed the door.

Even the day spent at her favorite museum failed to dispel her black mood. Everywhere something reminded her of home.

At last when a guard shouted at her "to keep away from those curtains," she turned on her heel and dashed from her one-time haven.

"I can't stand it, I can't," she muttered in an abandonment of self-pity. Slowly the tears, as if of their own accord, rolled down her cheeks and misted her sight.

On through the blur of wet eyes she wandered, turning this way and that, just walking and crying.

"Well, I am a baby," she decided at last, wiping her eyes.

Only then did she take note of her surroundings. It was already dusk and she was in an unknown part of the city, dark and deserted.

As she walked on vainly trying to place the locality, two men obviously the worse for drink approached her.

"Hello, baby, wanna come on a nishe ride party?"

Dora's unhappiness turned to sudden fear, as the man reached as if to grasp her arm.

"Come on, Bill, don't let this li'l chicken get away from us. We need some nice li'l woman to make whoopee with us."

Bill, thus addressed, being bolder than his companion, though more silent, and evidently slid his arm around Dora's waist.

Dort shrieked, and turning quickly gave Bill a sudden push which sent him reeling unsteadily toward the gutter. Then she ran!

Behind her she could hear the stamp of uncertain feet on the pavement, and cries of "Come on, Bill, can't you see she's only playing?"

Faster she sped till her heart pounded in her throat, and her arms drums seemed to burst—long after her lonesome assailants had wearied in the race.

Rounding a corner, she found lights again, and nearby a familiar drug store.

With a sigh of relief, she unlatched her door and entered the snug haven of her own world bath. The telephone was ringing violently.

Still breathless from her mad run, she picked up the receiver.

"Hello, hello," she answered pantingly.

Faintly from afar off, through a jumble of wires, came a dear familiar voice.

"Dora, darling, I can't stand it a minute longer. I thought you wanted to go to the city and I wouldn't try to stop you. But three months is long enough. Won't you please come home?"

"What about Miss Pickwick?" faltered the eternal feminine that was Dora.

"Don't you know, dear, I was only trying to get you to pay some attention to me! And you had to run away. Honest, I haven't seen her since you left. Please come home tomorrow, and let's get married the day after."

Dora clung weakly to the receiver, but her voice was steady. "You're a silly boy, darling, and maybe it's a silly thing to be doing, but I can't help saying yes in great big letters, because I feel exactly in the mood."

Aromatic

THE RED HEART of Tennessee cedar, which, by a special process is scientifically treated to retain the full content of essential oils so deadly to moths and thus constituting a Natural, Continuous, and Permanent moth control agent.

In a Cedar lined clothes closet you can keep goods to the value of a thousand dollars permanently protected at lowest possible cost.

A Cedar lining enhances the beauty and value of your home.

It is cheaper to save than to buy clothing.

ROBERT LIGHT

Telephone 53. Richard St.,

Napanee

Cinderella House Finds Its Prince

By RUBY DOUGLAS

MARIE was always giving life to inanimate things. She imbued even the clothespins in the basket in the laundry with emotions and felt sorry for anyone of them that happened to be left overnight in the cold clothes' yard. Perhaps she stored up a net-work of criss-cross passions to tear her peaceful days asunder, but she also drank deep draughts of wonderful joy as she played whimsically about with the soulless objects into which she breathed such loving life.

Just now she was weaving romance around an ancient ruin on a country road, a veritable Cinderella of a house in a community of lovely buildings and gardens.

If she had had the least excuse or the financial ability to buy, and rebuild the place into a semblance of its former beauty, she would have done so. As it was, she merely kept it always a vision before her, drove past it again and again, loving it, cheering it up in its loneliness by stopping to admire its one-time charming lines.

One day when she approached her Cinderella house she saw two cars standing between the sentinel trees.

Marie drove up the road and returned to go slowly along the front. She thought she recognized the car of a real estate dealer in the village and she wondered who could be looking at the place.

A rather young man stepped out and waited for some one. Yes; it was the realtor she had believed it to be. Evidently, he was trying to sell the house to this young man. Could it be that the man was to be married and that he liked the grounds and would, perhaps, tear down the old house? Marie shuddered at the thought.

The two men stood before it, looking up at the roof, the chimneys, bravely erect in spite of their age.

"No—I think it is hopeless," she heard the stranger say.

Nettled into courage she had never known she possessed, Marie turned her car quickly into the driveway behind the two automobiles.

"Oh, Mr. Hyde," she exclaimed, addressing the real estate man who had been a friend of her father, "I have been looking for an opportunity to speak to you about this very house and as I saw you out here at the psychological moment I decided that I would stop."

"Some old place," said Mr. Hyde. "It is a good house, Long Island farmhouse type and rare nowadays. Need a lot of work but could be made a gem."

"I have always loved it," said Marie, scarcely knowing what she was about to do. "I have wondered why I, as one who has visualized it as a beautiful home, might not be able, working with some one like you, to make it such. I am confident I could beautify it so that it would bring you a lot of money and be an artistic addition to even this exquisite section of the country."

Hyde looked at her. "By Jove, you talk as if you know what you wanted to do. Have you definite plans for it?"

Marie nodded. Mr. Hyde introduced the stranger.

"Miss Ellen, Mr. Tomlinson. This young man thinks he would like to buy a home in the country for his father and mother. He wants a place on the north shore here as nearly like the one they had during their honeymoon, thirty-odd years ago, as possible. They do not know it. They are living in the Middle West and their one dream is to come back here again."

"What a beautiful idea," said Marie.

"This place looks as if it might have been similar to the old homestead, but all I know is from snatches of stories that have been told to me—and this picture."

He handed to Marie a faded, yellowed print of a house. Her romantic soul believed it was the very house.

The three walked around to the rear garden where there was an old beech tree. They stood beneath it, studying the back of the house. Almost as if he had been startled out of his senses, the young man pointed to two sets of initials framed in a heart and carved on the barks of the tree.

"My father's Intitials—and my mother's," he cried.

"No!" exclaimed the excited voice of Marie and the rough tones of the realtor at the same moment.

"I will buy the house if you will see that it is rehabilitated for me," young Tomlinson said to Marie.

"I—I will try," said Marie. "Mr. Hyde knows I have ability—and background."

After that affairs moved very quickly in the lives of the three.

When it was nearly completed and Marie and young Charles Tomlinson stood again underneath the beech tree he said to her, "Would you care if I were to carve your initials and—mine on this tree?"

"Would the tree like to be cut?" she asked, evasively.

"The tree knows that it has been the messenger that has carried a world of joy around in its secret self for years —Marie. Won't you, some day before very long, come here to help me make my father and mother happy in the old home?"

And Marie knew that her Cinderella house had found its prince in the form of Romance.

When Senators Are Paired

When a senator wishes to be absent when the vote is taken on a bill, but wishes to have his vote counted, he arranges with a senator who will vote the other way to "pair" their votes, one cancelling the other. The paired senators need not be from the same state.

Trillions of Stars Now Seen Via Telescope

A universe of imagination staggering size, with 300 trillion stars already within the range of the astronomer's largest telescopes and unknown numbers still unseen, was described by Prof. Harlow Shapley of Harvard university at the convention of the National Academy of Sciences meeting at the University of Michigan.

In only a portion of the sky, 70,000 galaxies of stars, of which our Milky Way is a typical example, have been charted, said Professor Shapley. He expects that eventually 300,000 galaxies will be mapped in the heavens, with an estimate of about a billion stars of which our own sun is an average sample in each galaxy.

Stars which appear reddish in color have been thought to be very far away, but now Dr. Joel Stebbins of the Mt. Wilson observatory, California, reported to the academy that some red stars located in the Milky Way are four times closer to us than has been estimated.

A layer of "cosmic dust" which splits the Milky Way makes the stars on the far side appear red, just as our sun appears red at sunset, when its rays come to the observer through a longer distance of the dust-filled atmosphere of our planet.—Scientific American.

Discoverer of Pike's Peak Unknown

Pike's Peak was named after Zebulon Pike who was supposed to have discovered that mountain peak in Colorado. But the Stewart commission of Colorado college says Pike did not discover it. The commission claims the mountain was known to white men as early as 1700, and that was long before Pike was born. Investigators of the commission found that Pike learned of the peak while a prisoner of the Spaniards in Santa Fe early in the Nineteenth century.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Peggy Moore Finds a Real Job

By JOHN FRANCIS

THE insistent ring of her cheap alarm clock had brought Peggy Moore out of bed with a determined leap every morning for the past two months. This morning, however, Peggy moved much more slowly.

Two months ago, when Peggy arrived in New York and took this little room in a West side rooming house, she was full of confidence, possessed of an assurance that she soon would get a job and be entirely independent. There was none of that confidence this morning, though. Only seventy-five cents remained in that smart purse, and Peggy was still without the prospect of a job.

Tears welled into the girl's eyes at the thought of wiring her father for money.

"I'm not licked yet. I still have one more chance. That ad that I answered yesterday. Oh, I hope there is a letter about it in the morning mail."

One more disapointment was in for Peggy, however. There was no letter from the "Box 547, Evening Press," to which she had written for a position as secretary.

"Oh, if I only knew where to find Jimmy Hubbard. He might be able to find me a job. Why, oh, why didn't I keep in touch with him?"

Jimmy Hubbard was a boy from Peggy's home town, and once had been looked upon by Peggy's friends as the boy she would some day marry. Then one of those petty lovers' quarrels had taken place just before Jimmy was graduated from college. After commencement Jimmy had gone to New York and entered the business of a friend. He had written Peggy once or twice, but Peggy, still angry because Jimmy never had admitted he was wrong in their quarrel, did not answer his letters.

Peggy spent all morning and part of the afternoon visiting employment agencies.

All of the visits proved unsuccessful, however, and Peggy was almost ready to admit to failure. She decided to go back to the rooming house, though, before wiring her father for money. The hope that the afternoon mail had brought her an answer to her letter still was in her heart.

"Was there any mail for me this afternoon, Mrs. Thorne?" she asked the landlady as she entered the rooming house.

"No mail," replied Mrs. Thorne, "but there is a young man waiting for you in the parlor."

"A young man," said Peggy, surprised. "Did he give you his name?"

"No, he just said he wanted to see you, and that he would wait. He has been here since twelve-thirty, and it's now three o'clock," Mrs. Thorne said.

Peggy thanked Mrs. Thorne quickly, and hurried into the small parlor where the roomers were allowed to receive guests. As she entered the room a tall young man rose from the sofa and crossed toward her.

"Jimmy Hubbard!" gasped Peggy. "How in the world did you know I was here?"

"Hi, Peggy," said Jimmy, grasping both her hands. "I didn't know it until this morning when I got your letter."

"What letter?" Peggy asked. "I didn't write you a letter."

"Oh, yes, you did," said Jimmy, drawing an envelope from his pocket. "And I've got it right here."

"Why—why, that letter is an answer to an advertisement," said Peggy.

"I know it," Jimmy laughed. "It was my ad. My secretary is leaving me to get married. I received your application this morning, and as soon as I read it I dashed up here to find you."

"Are you going to give me the job?"

A mischievous light appeared in Jimmy's eyes as he asked:

"Are you still sore at me over our quarrel?"

"Of course not, Jimmy," Peggy replied, blushing. "I got over that ages ago, but I couldn't write and tell you because I had lost your address."

"In that case," Jimmy went on, "I'm afraid I can't give you the job."

"You can't!" Peggy was indignant. "Why not?"

"Because," said Jimmy nonchalantly, "I don't believe a man should have his wife as his secretary. And you are going to become my wife just as soon as we can get downtown. What do you say?"

"Well," Peggy said, "I'm willing, if you will stop at a telegraph office first. I've got to wire my father. But the telegram is going to be a lot different than I thought it would be."

"That's all right," said Jimmy, "I've got to send a telegram, too. I've got to put another advertisement in the newspaper."

Nerve Tension

"Only a few people know how nerve-racking climbing really is," declares a mountaineer. One of them is the married man who tiptoes upstairs in the early hours and can't remember whether it is the sixth or the seventh step that squeaks.—London Humorist.

Proposing

An executive who prides himself on being efficient is reported to have proposed to a young woman as follows: "I have already supplied complete details of my life. Will you be my wife? Yes or no? Cross out the word that does not apply."—Border Cities Star.

Wrong Bridge

When closing time came at the village inn the angling club moved off with dignity to the bridge from which they were to angle that night.

They seated themselves, cast their lines over the parapet, and "fished" steadily till the gray dawn was breaking.

Then with a roar the first down train passed under the bridge!—Tit-Bits.

Who Pays?

MESSRS. Jones and Messrs. Smith both make shoes —shoes exactly similar in quality and style. Messrs. Jones do not advertise. Messrs. Smith do, and sell a very much greater quantity than Messrs. Jones in consequence. **Who pays for Messrs. Smith's advertising?**

Not Messrs. Smith—because their profit-on the quantity sold—is Messrs. Jones' profit multiplied many times. Not the public—because they get, for $4.00, shoes of a quality for which Messrs. Jones charge $4.50. Not the retailer—because the profit is the same in both cases.

No-one pays for advertising. It is an economy—not a charge. It does for the operation of selling what Messrs. Smith's machinery does for the operation of making shoes—speeds it up, and multiplies its efficiency. It makes possible big-scale production and so reduces costs.

---it pays to advertise!

Issued by The Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

The Midnight Telephone Call

By CORONA REMINGTON

MIRIAM OSBORNE entered her little apartment, hung her hat on the rack in the tiny hallway, ran her hand through her soft bobbed hair and breezed into the kitchenette as fresh and happy as if she had just waked up in the morning.

"Well, mother, I gave the boss notice this afternoon. I'm leaving the fifteenth."

Mrs. Osborne stopped in the midst of taking a pan of potatoes off the miniature gas stove and stared at her daughter.

"What'll we do now? What happened?" she asked, dismayed.

"Nothing happened and we'll do very well. Don't you worry about that. I've most got another job promised at $15 a month more. Anyway, you know we could get along if I didn't work at all."

"But what made you quit, Miriam? I'd rather you'd kept a job you were certain of at $15 less than to risk not having a job at all. I believe you got fired. Was that it, honey? Seems like you could tell your mother. You know I wouldn't blame you."

"No. I fired myself, thank you. And the boss has promised me a wonderful letter of recommendation when I leave, so now you know I haven't done anything to make 'em mad. When can we eat?" she asked, suddenly changing the subject. "I'm hungry as a bear."

Occasionally, when Miriam was busy with her plate, Mrs. Osborne would risk an exploring glance in her direction, but the girl's face failed to divulge her secret. She looked happy and decidedly interested in her supper—that was all.

The middle of July she left her position and went to the firm of Ellington and Ellington and three weeks after that Tom Ramond, the head bookkeeper, was bringing her home in his little car every afternoon. Twice he stayed for supper in the baby kitchenette.

"I understand everything now," Mrs. Osborne laughed one day.

"Understand everything about what, mother?" the girl asked puzzled.

"Why you changed positions."

"Why?"

"Because of Tom."

"Wrong, first guess. I never saw Tom until I'd been there two or three days. But he certainly does work fast, doesn't he? I think he's wonderful."

"Well, why did you quit then, Miriam?" persisted Mrs. Osborne, determined to get to the bottom of the thing at last and give her mind a rest.

"I quit because I decided it wasn't any fun to be in love all by myself. When you feel yourself beginning to slip and the man doesn't show any signs of slipping too, it's best to get away. I believe there's many a girl has missed the right one because she was so busy pining after some one she couldn't have. I was getting cuckoo about the boss' secretary and he couldn't see anything less than a bank president's daughter, so I said to myself, "This is where you'd better take Miriam's man-loving little heart out o' danger."

Miriam looked her loveliest when Tom called, but his manner disappointed her from the start. He seemed moody and preoccupied and she sighed a little as she remembered that while she was dressing she had imagined his exclamation of surprise when he saw her in her dainty frock. The exclamation had not been forthcoming. She had hoped that he would suggest a ride, but he did not and they sat dully in the stuffy little parlor, one more uncomfortable than the other.

When he had finally taken leave, she dropped limply into a chair by the reading lamp. If only she hadn't talked so much to her mother, or if only she didn't have do sleep in the same room with her. She would be sure to wake up and ask her whether Tom had proposed.

She sat there until nearly twelve when she was startled by the sudden jangling of the telephone. Irritably she took down the receiver.

"This is Tom. I was afraid you'd be in bed, dear, but I was so miserable I couldn't sleep."

"What's the matter?" she asked in alarm.

"I went over there tonight determined to ask you to—ask you to marry me, and then when I saw you; you looked so pretty and far away, somehow, I was afraid you wouldn't even consider a bookkeeper. A girl like you could marry anyone."

"Afraid of me!" she laughed happy once more. "Now you know you're kidding, Tom. But you come over tomorrow night and. . . ."

"Can't. I come now?" he broke in eagerly.

"No, silly, it's nearly twelve. You go to bed. Good-night—dear."

She hung up the receiver and with a triumphant little hop and skip hurried into the bedroom to tell her mother the news.

Modern Debt to Ancients

It was not until the time of Alexander the Great, that the use of the arch and the use of the dome which developed along with it in the Tigris and Euphrates region seems to have spread to Europe. Then the Greeks picked it up as a novelty, and passed it on to the Romans; and eventually we moderns received it, a gift that had passed through many hands from a people who possessed it, perhaps, before the days of the Great Flood. In fact, we today owe very much more of our civilization and culture to those ancient folk than we generally suspect.—Exchange.

Free

Ask Your Neighbor Who Has One

an Electric Water Heater for every Hydro Home

Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario

THOUSANDS of homes are now equipped with the new flat rate electric water heater. The installations are giving highly satisfactory service.

Ask your neighbour who has one.

All you have to do to secure installation is to phone your local Hydro or fill out and mail the coupon shown below. You will then be furnished with complete details, following which you can place your order.

WHAT YOU OBTAIN

A flat rate electric water heater installed complete with thermostat, tank insulation and wiring.

WHAT IT COSTS YOU

Heater and equipment are absolutely free of charge. All you do is pay at a new low flat rate for power used. *And, remember, Hydro rates are lower this year than ever before.*

WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU

The best and simplest water heating service known. Absolutely trouble-free. Operation is automatic. No attention is needed. You enjoy a continuous, 24-hour supply of hot water at less cost and more convenience than by any other means of water heating.

Thousands of these free electric water heaters have already been installed and are in operation, giving highly satisfactory service. Ask your neighbour who has one.

FILL IN AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

HYDRO-ELECTRIC SYSTEM of _____
(Write the name of your municipality here)

_____
Address of Your Local Hydro System

_____
Write Your Name Here

_____
Write Your Address Here

W. I. DISTRICT ANNUAL CONVENTION

On Tuesday, June 20th, thirteen branches of the Women's Institutes of Lennox met at the Town Hall at Napanee for their District Annual Convention.

Registration of the delegates and visitors began at nine o'clock. By nine-thirty a large crowd had assembled in the spacious convention room, which was tastefully decorated with tall baskets of peonies and English daisies.

Mrs. Shore Loynes, District President presided over the convention, which opened with the singing of the Institute Ode, with Mrs. B. Black, Napanee at the piano.

This was followed by community singing, after which all repeated the Lord's Prayer in unison.

Mrs. Exley, President of Napanee branch, in a few well chosen words, graciously welcomed the ladies to Napanee and extended greetings to all present from her branch.

Mrs. Cordick, of Odessa, thanked Mrs. Exley and Napanee branch, on behalf of all the ladies present for the kindly welcome, which made everyone feel so much at home.

The President, Mrs. Loynes, in her address said :"This is your day ; use it ; everybody take part in the programme. Do all the talking you like, right here, today, not later after the convention is closed." She thanked all the branches for their loyalty and co-operation in the past year. She reported visiting each of the thirteen branches ; had studied their programs and complimented the branches on their splendid meetings. She urged the members to never relax their responsibility, stressed the importance of Department assistance through literature, special speakers. In speaking of the growth of the W. I. she compared it to a tiny sapling, planted years ago, now full grown and spreading its branches from East to West, from North to South.

Three things essential in every Institute and in each member are Faith, Hope and Love, and the greatest of these is Love. Mention was made of the great work done by W. I. in the Northwest. Look for unusual opportunities, peculiar ways to help. Let every member contribute in some way to the Institute, for Idleness brings rust, said the President. In closing, Mrs. Loynes repeated a wonderful message for the Institute New Year.

The minutes of the last District Annual were read and approved.

The District Secretary, Mrs. A. P. Young, of Bath, then submitted the Financial Statement, which had been audited and found correct. The balance on hand in the district amounted to $30.14 ; the balance on hand in all the branches was $982.67.

Mr. Putnam ,Superintendent of W. I., was present and gave a brief talk, in which he summed up the work of the W. I .in these words taken from Mrs. Courtenay's book, "County Women in Council" : "The W. I. has made a success so rapid and striking that it has surpassed anything that has been done in any country, in any age." He also urged the women to take all possible interest in the young girls. He reported the Institutes throughout the province in a very prosperous condition.

The chairmen of the standing committees reported very fine accounts of the various activities.

Mrs. Clarke of Odessa, gave a splendid report on community activities, carried on in each branch. Outstanding in this line were fruit and flowers sent to the sick and shut-ins ,donations for the Libraries, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides and Cenotaph wreath ; teas, euchres and dances, banquets, gifts to new babies and celebrating Grandmother's Day.

A report from Mrs. H. M. Robinson, of Conway, on Relief, proved the wonderful assistance given by the W. I. in the work to relieve distress and suffering which is so prevalent in this depression. Almost every branch had supplied clothing, bedding and food to needy families. Layettes had been supplied for babies. Fruit, flowers and nourishing food had been sent to the sick.

The work on Immigration was reported by Mrs. Wm. Sagar, of Violet. Immigrant boys had been invited to banquets, had been asked to meetings and their talent made use of at entertainments.

Mrs. W. A. Kilpatrick, of Stella, reported wonderful progress made by the Institutes to futher better Health. Emergency kits had been supplied to schools and communities, cod liver oil donated to needy school children and babies. Addresses ,papers and demonstrations had been given by doctors and nurses on different phases of health. Much attention had been given to obstetric cases in the communities.

A similar progress had been made in Education. Mrs. A. Sams, of Bath, in her report told of Public Speaking Contests, Mock Trials, Debates and Spelling Matches. Papers and addresses along subjects such as Federation, the Flag, English Gardens, had been given. Prizes had been given to pupils. Travelogues had been part of almost every program. A very full report had come from Wilton on Education.

Mrs. W. G .Pretts, Maple Leaf Institute, gave a splendid paper on Canadian Industries. Each branch had devoted one meeting to Canadian Industries. Addresses and papers had been given on such subjects as "History of Sugar Beet"; "Silk Made From Canadian Spruce"; "Manufacture of Cellophane."

The report on Legislation was given by Mrs. G. H. Brooks of Roblin. Papers and Addresses on "School Laws"; "Marriage Laws"; "Laws Pertaining to Women and Children" had been a part of the program in various branches.

Miss L. Carr, of Adolphustown, reported for Historical Research, such activities as Exhibits of Antiques, celebrating Grandmother's Day, Current Events, many papers on Historic subjects and suggestions for celebration of Empire and Armistice Days.

Publicity, as dealt with by Mrs. C. Wemp, of Bay View, was as follows : Printed programs had been furnished for visitors as well as members, meetings had been advertised in local press and by telephone. Pograms were sent in with the reports. Members brought as many visitors as possible to meetings.

Home Economics, as reported by Mrs. Reid Roblin, of Adolphustown, told of papers and addresses on Nutrition, Home Beautification; demonstrations on Table Setting, Milk Foods, Singer Craft, Smocking ; Exhibits of Labor Savers.

The chairman for the committee for Agriculture reported Discussions on Uses of Vegetables ; Bulbs and Roots; Planting of Flowers ; Addresses by the Agricultural Representative on various topics ; papers on "Poultry Raising," "Strawberry Culture," "Birds and Agriculture."

Miss Helen Aikenbrack, of Mt. Pleasant, Pioneer Branch, gave a delightful talk, "The Homemaker of to-Morrow,' in which she showed very clearly how much the W. I. can do to help the young girls become efficient Homemakers. She told us how much the Coaching Classes, the trips to Ottawa Fair, to the Royal Winter Fair, had meant in her own and other girls' lives. She urged the members to induce more girls to take advantage of the opportunities offered through the Department of Agriculture and to try to put a little more happiness into the lives of young girls who have few chances and pleasures. In closing, she said, "It is up to the Homemakers of To-morrow to strengthen and improve the true standard of womanhood and to change the false standards."

The Napanee Branch served a delicious luncheon at twelve-thirty

The afternoon session opened at 1.30 with community singing.

Mayor Kimmerly, on behalf of the town, welcomed the women to Napanee, complimented them on their large attendance and wonderful organization and wished them success in their year's work.

Five quilts were exhibited in a quilt contest and the decision of the judges was now announced as follows : 1st, Wilton ; 2nd, Bath ; 3rd, Maple Leaf; 4th, Napanee ; 5th ,Conway.

The election of officers took place and the following officers were elected:

President—Mrs. Shore Loynes, Napanee.

1st Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Reid Roblin, Adolphustown.

2nd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. W. G. Pretts, Maple Leaf.

Sec'y-Treas.—Mrs. A. P. Young, Bath.

Federated Representative—Mrs. E. Wright, Violet-Switzerville.

Federated Director—Mrs. Snider, Wilton.

Mrs. Katherine Powell contributed a series of readings : "Suppose," "A Summer's Reverie," "A Government Speaker."

Mrs. R. B. Collaton, the Provincial President, was then introduced by Mrs. Loynes. Mrs. Collaton dealt first with "Federation," why we should be linked with Federation, the benefits derived from Federation, and what we can give to other branches and provinces and nations through Federation. She outlined the existing spirit in the North ; she explained the Ottawa Exhibition at New Zealand. Other Provinces look to Ontario for leadership. England modelled her Institutes on ours. She pointed out the improvement of conditions in India through the Women's Institute. She reported that since early spring a new branch has been formed somewhere in the Province every week ; that the whole east wing of the C.N.E. has been handed over to W.I. She stressed the duties of members and officers of branches and District, laying special emphasis on the rule in Hand Book that all cheques or moneys issued be signed by President and Treasurer. She asked the Convention to take a vote on a resolution to be sent to the Federation that of the 25 cent fee, 15 cents be retained by the branch and ten cents be sent to District Secretary, to be forwarded to the Federation. This resolution was adopted.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Collaton for her splendid address. Mrs. T. M. Asselstine presented Mrs. Collaton with a beautiful bouquet from the District.

Mrs. Arthur Kimmerly favored the convention with a vocal solo which was greatly appreciated by her audience.

The question box was in charge of Mrs. E. A. Wright, and many Institute problems were discussed.

Bath Branch issued an invitation to the District to hold the next annual convention at Bath. This invitation was gratefully accepted.

The National Anthem brought this interesting and helpful convention to a close.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

ELECTION IN PROVINCE IS ON ITS WAY

Oratorical Barrages Launched Before Vote Envelopes Ontario

Toronto, June 21—(CP)—Oratorical barrages usually launched prior to an election campaign proper enveloped Ontario today.

Despite constant denial of impending election plans a consistent round of preparations is being made at electoral outposts throughout central and western sections of the province, and the campaign takes on new significance as Premier George S. Henry enters the fray next week.

For weeks representatives of the different political ranks have been working their way through various constituencies, speaking at nomination meetings, picnics and annual meetings of political organizations. The Henry government has borne the brunt of extensive criticism but on only a few occasions have Conservatives indulged in open public controversy.

As the Premier prepared to make his pronouncement at Mitchell, June 28—the first since closing of the legislature, arrangements were being completed for a public debate on Hydro issued by Hon. Charles McCrea, Minister of Mines, and Mitchell F. Hepburn, leader of the Ontario Liberal Party.

Attack Dr. J. M. Robb

Last night Mr. Hepburn was joined in his anti-Conservative crusade by Harry C. Nixon, head of the Progressive group, who made a personal attack on Hon. J. M. Robb, Minister of Health. Dr. Robb said Mr. Nixon had accused him "of betraying my party for no other reason than to satisfy my own greedy ambitions.'

This, he added, was a "contemptible insinuation."

The Minister asked by what authority from the Progressive he had entered into an alliance with the Liberals, Mr. Nixon continued. This action was endorsed unanimously by the Progressive group before their leader ever appeared on the platform with the Liberal chief, the speaker declared and as for Dr. Robb's mention of Mr. Hepburn's announcement the other night that he (Nixon) would be the first man invited into his cabinet if elected, Mr. Nixon continued, "I will say I have probably refused offers of cabinet appointments oftener than he had, and certainly never have trampleage for a cabinet job."

He suggested the minister, before he "impute any further greed" should "see Joseph Bretheur" of Burford, President of the Brant Conservative Association in 1929.

Urged to Turn

No further reference was made in this respect but reporters' questions to Mr. Bretheur regarding a rumor that Mr. Nixon had been offered the agriculture portfolio in the Ferguson Government of 1919 brought out the fact that as the association president had urged the Progressive leader to turn Conservative.

Mr. Bretheur said he had no authority or commission to propose to the Progressive leader and merely went to him as a voter and urged him to return to the party of which his father and grandfather had been adherents.

Meanwhile details for the Hydro debate were being concluded at the legislative buildings. Mr. Hepburn who went into private session today with Mr. McCrea. The Liberal leader was elated at the acceptance by the Minister of this challenge to stage the open meeting.

Future plans of the Conservative party, it is predicted, will be intimated by Premier Henry, who addressed members of the two Conservative constituencies of North and South Perth Wednesday evening. Most important of these, it is expected in some quarters, will be regarding leadership of the party which political opponents have described as a sensitive topic among government followers.

Objectives of the C.C.F. are being placed before electors by a series of open meetings by Miss Agnes Macphail and Elmore Philpott, while Arthur G. Slaght, K.C., of Toronto, has been almost a constant aide to the Liberal leader in his fight against Conservative forces.

Unique Collection of Epic Poems Preserved

The second edition of the oldest book of poems in the English language has recently appeared.

The first edition, which consisted of one volume only, came out 1,200 years ago.

This is the "Exeter Book" which has, for centuries, been kept in Exeter cathedral. According to legend the book was compiled at the order of King Alfred, who caused the monks to collect in one great volume all the old poems of England. Such epic poems were sung by minstrels and handed down from father to son. To write them was rare indeed. Consequently the original Exeter book—which consists of 262 pages of beautifully hand-written and illuminated manuscript—is unique.

The book was taken out of Exeter cathedral for the first time in nearly 1,000 years to be brought to London for the preparation of the second edition. This is limited to 250 copies. For the book is not printed ; each of the original pages is reproduced by a special photographic process, and the whole is bound in buckram blocked in gold.—London Mail.

NOMINAL LICENSE FEE AUTOS IF LIBERALS WIN, SAYS HEPBURN

Richards Landing, June 23.—Nominal license fees for motor cars and the earmarking of all motor licenses and gasolene tax revenue for highway expenditure alone, tonight stands as part of the Liberal policy, according to Mitchell F. Hepburn, M. P., Ontario Liberal Leader, who addressed a mass meeting here Saturday. Mr. Hepburn declared if the Liberals were returned to power the Minister of Lands and Forests would be selected from North country members of the Legislature. "The man who is in charge of the work of the Northern development should be a man from the North who understands its needs, not like Hon. William Pindlayson, the present Minister, from Simcoe,' he said. The Government "lack of policy" in the construction of the trans-Canada highway was assailed by the Liberal Leader. The road had been promised for three years, and nothing had been done to decide where the central link should be built, he maintained. He attacked the $2,750 portrait of Hon. Howard Ferguson, former Premier, in the Legislative Buildings at Toronto, and another item of $2,450 for refurnishing the Conservative committee rooms at Queen's Park, declaring economy was essential. "These are the fellows who say they have no money for road maintenance and for schools."

If returned to office, he continued, the Liberals would institute a policy of reforestration and fish propagation, he declared. "Liberals don't have to argue about the maladministration of the Government in this section of the Province," continued Mr. Hepburn. "Hon. James Lyons (Mayor and member for Sault Ste. Marie) is doing all the arguing for us. He said recently, of every $20,000,000 spent in Northern Ontario, $6,000,000 was wasted in political patronage."

INSECTS AND INSECTIDIES

It is strange but nevertheless true that very few of us when planning or planting a garden never give any thought or provision against insect attacks. We can visualize the ultimate color and sense the fragrance, but we never form a mental picture of a wormeaten Rosebud, a beautiful snowball inhabited by ten thousand aphis or a favorite shurb that has almost every leaf curled up and sew by intruding caterpillars.

More often than not we wait until the plant has been voraciously destroyed before we apply the remedy. It certainly is disappointing indeed to have ones garden devoured almost overnight by these countless thousands of voracious bandits that literally eat themselves into another existence. Spraying therefore becomes as necessary as cultivating or watering.

For brevity we will divide our enemies in two classes, actual eating or chewing insects, and those that suck the sap but do not actually eat. Of this latter class we will deal first.

They are green, black or white Aphis usually found on the new soft stems of plants and on the underside of the leaves. They are very fond of the common snowball. Other sucking insects are mealy bug, red spider, white fly. The best method of control against all sucking insects is what is known as a "contact" poison. It can be readily understood that since this class do not eat, they are not susceptible to a stomach poison such as arsenate of lead, Paris Green, etc. So what is meant by a "contact" poison is an agency that will burn or destroy the insect by contact and yet not harm the plant. One of the most effectual is a solution of Sulphate of Nicoteen containing at least 40 per cent. free nicoteen. There are very many brands of this product that can be purchased and all we will say here is be sure to dilute and use according to the directions marked on the container. Spraying should be very thorough ,making sure that all surfaces on the plant are covered with the spray. Spraying should be done early in the morning or late in the afternoon when plants are dry.

Now as to eating or chewing insects, bugs, beetles, worms, caterpillars or slugs, an effective stomach poison must be employed. Arsenate of Lead or Arsenate of Lime are used most effective. For plants of tender growth Hellebore, Pyrethrum powder are sometimes used.

All insecticides are easily procured and we would urge all those interested to write to the Entomological Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, and ask for the latest phamplet dealings with Insecticides. We have a Department of Agriculture second to none. It is constantly experimenting and they issue many phamplets and bulletins that are free for the asking. Very few of us are aware of the activity of our Government in the matter of Insect Control. Many millions of dollars are lost to Canada each year from insect attacks and the Department of Agriculture are only too glad to disseminate information on this subject. Let everyone declare war on public enemies—the caterpillars—the grub—the aphis. Encourage Lady Bugs, Toads and birds and garden spiders.

SPECIAL !

Special discount on Ballance Lawn Mower to clear. Good buy. At

BOYLE & SON.

TODAY and TOMORROW
FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

MOSQUITOES . . . . . under knife

The first real use ever found for mosquitoes was when it was discovered, a few years ago, at the Government hospital for the insane at Washington, that certain common forms of insanity could be cured if the patient had malaria. Malaria germs are carried only by certain mosquitoes, and insane asylums all over the country began to demand mosquitoes which had been infected by biting maleria patients.

Now the Government scientists have found a way to operate on the mosquito, under a microscope, and extract the malaria virus, so they don't have to ship live mosquitoes, which sometime got away and spread malarial fever.

The marvelous thing about all that, as I see it, is not that malaria cures paresis, but that anybody ever found it out and that the human mind has been ingenious enough to find a way.

USHER . . . . . at White House

My congratulations to "Ike" Hoover, Chief usher of the White House, who has just finished his forty-second year of service there. His real name is Irving H. Hoover, and when Benjamin Harrison was President he was a young electrician. Mr. Harrison had the first electric push-buttons installed in the White House. Young Hoover did the job. They got out of order so often that the President thought there ought to be an electrician on the job all the time. He picked "Ike" and Hoover has been there since.

"Ike" is responsible for all the historic relics in the Presidential mansion, for the management of the domestic staff and the supervision of all formal social funcfions. He receives all distinguished visitors and escorts them to the President. And he is pretty nearly the most popular man in Washington.

SAFETY . . . . . a glass law

Nearly twenty years ago I wrote the first news item in America about a kind of glass for automobile windshields which would not shatter in case of a collision. Since then many manufacturers of cars have adopted safety glass, but only within a very few years.

It has just been enacted into law in New York that after this year every bus licensed in the state must be equipped with safety glass and after next year all cars must be so equipped. A surprisingly high proportion of injuries and deaths in motor accidents come from broken glass. The time will come when no car may be operated unless it has non-shatterable glass all through.

INFLATION . . . how it will help

An inquiring friend writes to ask me how it will benefit the country to have the Federal Reserve banks issue three billion dollars of new money to take up Government bonds. The answer is that these bonds are now held by banks which are handicapped by having so much of their deposits tied up in these "frozen assets." If the banks can turn them over for new cash, they can use the new money to lend for productive enterprises. And there is just as much behind the new currency as behind the bonds—that is, the Government's credit.

PAINTING . . . . . largest in world

The largest picture ever painted on canvas will be one of the star attractions on the Midway at the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition. It is 402 feet long and 45 feet high and depicts, against a background that shows all the famous battlefields of France, six thousand individual heroes of the World War. Every one is a perfect portrait.

Great French artists who were too old to fight started work on this huge painting while the war was still going on. It was shown to millions in a special building in Paris for years after the Armistice, and has been brought to Chicago for more millions to see.

I hope that everybody that goes to the Chicago Fair will make it a point to see the magnificant picture. And I hope everybody who reads this will go to Chicago this summer. I know of no way of spending a vacation more interestingly and more usefully.

JOE GISH
GAS
SETH PERKINS NEW GIRL FRIEND TALKS SO FAST AND SO LONG THAT SHE'S NEVER HEARD AN ECHO.

SOFTBALL

Three games were played in the Napanee and district softball league on Friday night, the Selrites overwhelming the Richmond team by the score of 24-7. A few nights previous Richmond had defeated the Frontenac team by 22-0, and put up a sparkling brand of ball. They displayed a complete reversal of form in Friday night's tilt, but on the other hand Selrites were going strong and hit the ball to all corners of the field. R. T. Smith twirled for the winners, while the visitors used two pitchers.

Grace Church motored to Gretna, and after piling up a splendid lead, lost out to the home team by one run, principally due to the bad condition of the playing field ,which resulted in errors which could not have taken place on a good diamond. Huycke was on the mound for Gretna and Rennie was behind the plate. Moore and Thompson twirled for Grace Church, and should have easily won the game.

Newburgh defeated Strathcona.

The streets of Napanee were thronged on Saturday night, and the stores in the town on the whole were very busy. The ice cream parlors also did a splendid business.

Say you saw it in The Express.

ECHO LAKE

The recent rains were welcomed by everyone for it was needed very much.

Wm. Raycraft, of Wilkinson, who had a saw mill erected at David Ruttans, has finished sawing. The total amount of lumber sawed is estimated at about fifty thousand.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wagar spent Sunday at Piccadilly, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herbal Babcock.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Jackson of Wagarville, took tea on Sunday evening at Mr. and Mrs. Allan Wagars.

Mrs. Tom Buckley is visiting relatives at Northbrook.

Mr. John Gregory spent a few days at Mr. Wm. Hicks.

And one of the Pharisees desired Him (Jesus) that he would eat with him, and He went into the Pharisee's house and sat down to meat. And behold a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an Alabaster box of ointment and stood at His feet behind Him weeping, and began to wash His feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and annointed them with the ointment. Luke 7 : 36-38.

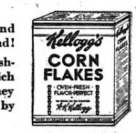
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, Heaven and earth are full of thee, Heaven and earth are praising thee, O Lord Most High.

A BIBLE LOVER.

What a treat!

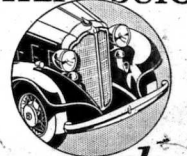
SERVE Kellogg's Corn Flakes and watch how eagerly appetites respond!

Kellogg's are far more than refreshing too. These delicious flakes are rich in energy and so easy to digest they help you feel keener, fitter. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.



Kellogg's for flavor

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK



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